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P. H. Sheridan  
Lieut General



TOASTS AND RESPONSES

AT

BANQUETS

GIVEN

Lieut.-Gen. P. H. Sheridan

UNITED STATES ARMY,

"COMMANDER,"

BY

THE MILITARY ORDER

OF THE

Loyal Legion of the United States,

COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS,

MARCH 6, 1882-3.

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COMPILED BY CAPT. RICHARD ROBINS, RECORDER,

CHICAGO.

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KNIGHT & LEONARD, PRINTERS, CHICAGO.

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BANQUETS  
TO  
Lieut.-Gen. Sheridan.

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These Banquets were given to GEN. SHERIDAN, "OUR COMMANDER," to celebrate his Fifty-first and Fifty-second birthdays, March 6, 1882-3.

The Companions assembled at the rooms of the Union League Club, of Chicago, to the number of seventy at the first, and ninety at the second banquet.

The dining hall at both banquets was beautifully decorated with flowers and flags, and at the second was displayed the General's battle flag which he carried in his hand when he leaped the breastworks at Five Forks, leading the charge.

At the second banquet was exhibited an oil painting by Earle, representing the General mounted on his horse, with his "Battle Flag" in his hand, leaping the breastworks as he led the charge at Five Forks. This picture was presented to General Sheridan by the Commandery.

At the hour appointed the Companions marched into the dining room, and seating themselves at the tables, enjoyed the banquets spread for them.





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PART I.

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1882.





MILITARY ORDER  
OF THE  
Loyal Legion of the United States,  
Commandery of the State of Illinois,  
TO  
LIEUT.-GEN. PHILIP H. SHERIDAN,  
United States Army.



DINNER,  
MARCH 6, 1882.  
UNION LEAGUE CLUB HOUSE,  
CHICAGO.





PRESIDING AT THE BANQUET,  
COLONEL JOHN MASON LOOMIS,  
SENIOR VICE-COMMANDER.

---

BANQUET COMMITTEE.

BRIG.-GEN. WM. E. STRONG, *Chairman.*

LIEUT. RICHARD S. TUTHILL.

COL. JOHN MASON LOOMIS.

MAJ. HENRY A. HUNTINGTON.

PAYMASTER HORATIO L. WAIT.

CAPT. FRANCIS MORGAN.

BRIG.-GEN. I. N. STILES.





## M E N U .

---

Huitres à l'écaille.

---

Consommé Financier.

---

Saumon, Sauce hollandaise.  
Pommes de terre à la parisienne.  
Concombres.

---

Échine de Mouton anglais.  
Petits pois, Pommes de terre à la duchesse.

---

Poulets à la Stanley.  
Tomates en tranches.

---

Ponche à la romaine.  
Cigarettes.

---

Coq de bruyère au lard.  
Salade de laitues.

---

Brie

Céleri.

Roquefort

---

Fruit.

Café noir.

## TOASTS.

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FIRST TOAST, - - - - - "OUR GUEST."

Response by GEN. WM. E. STRONG.

SECOND TOAST, - - - - - "OUR COUNTRY."

Response by GEN. A. L. CHETLAIN.

MUSIC.—"America."

THIRD TOAST, - - - - - "THE REGULAR ARMY."

Its history tells of  
"A thousand glorious actions that might claim  
Triumphant laurels and immortal fame."

Response by LIEUT. RICHARD S. TUTHILL.

MUSIC.—"Benny Havens, O!"

FOURTH TOAST, - - - - - "THE NAVY."

Its patriotism as deep, its daring as measureless, as the waters upon which it  
has achieved imperishable renown.

Response by PAYMASTER HORATIO L. WAIT.

MUSIC.—"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

FIFTH TOAST, - - - - - "OUR DEAD."

"A chosen corps — they are marching on,  
In a wider field than ours;  
Those bright battalions still fulfill  
The scheme of the heavenly powers;  
And high, brave thoughts float down to us,  
The echoes of that far fight,  
Like the flash of a distant picket's gun  
Through the shades of the severing night,"

DRINK STANDING AND IN SILENCE.

RECITATION.—"Burial March of Dundee."

By GEN. CHARLES FITZ SIMONS.

SIXTH TOAST, - - - - - "OUR ORDER."

*Esto perpetua.*

Response by MAJOR GEORGE L. PADDOCK.

MUSIC.—"Going Back to Dixie."

## TOASTS.

SEVENTH TOAST, - "THE VOLUNTEER SOLDIERS OF THE UNION ARMY."

"Unselfish, untiring,  
Intrepid and true;  
The bulwark surrounding  
The Red, White and Blue."

Response by CAPT. H. H. THOMAS.

Music.—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

EIGHTH TOAST, - - - - "THE ARMIES OF THE EAST."

"How they charged 'mid shot and shell;  
How they bore aloft the banner;  
How they conquered! how they fell."

Response by COL. HUNTINGTON W. JACKSON.

Music.—"Garry Owen."

NINTH TOAST, - - - - "THE ARMIES OF THE WEST."

They subdued fortresses deemed impregnable, and vanquished armies asserted invincible.

Response by GEN. JOSEPH B. LEAKE.

Music.—"Star Spangled Banner."

TENTH TOAST, - - - - "THE LAST WAR AND THE NEXT."

"I have noticed that the men who are so 'ready to shed their last drop of blood' are usually very careful about their first."—DAVY CROCKETT.

Response by GEN. I. N. STILES.

Music.—"Yankee Doodle."

ELEVENTH TOAST, - - - - "THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."

"For ye, sae douce, ye smile at this,  
Ye'r naught but senseless asses O!  
The wisest man the world e'er saw,  
He dearly loved the lasses O!"

Response by MAJOR WM. ELIOT FURNESS.

Music.—"The Girl I Left behind Me."

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

## B A T T L E S .

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Cascades of the Columbia,	-	-	-	-	-	-	April 28, 1856.
Booneville,	-	-	-	-	-	-	May 28-29, 1862.
Blackland,	-	-	-	-	-	-	June, 1862.
Donaldson's Cross Roads,	-	-	-	-	-	-	June, 1862.
Baldwin,	-	-	-	-	-	-	June, 1862.
Booneville,	-	-	-	-	-	-	July 1, 1862.
Ripley,	-	-	-	-	-	-	July 28, 1862.
Guntown,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Aug. 15, 1862.
Rienzi,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Aug. 26, 1862.
Perryville,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Oct. 8, 1862.
Tennessee Campaign,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Nov. 1862, to Sept. 1863.
Stone River,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Dec. 31, 1862, to Jan. 3, 1863.
Eagleville,	-	-	-	-	-	-	March, 1863.
Fairfield,	-	-	-	-	-	-	June 27, 1863.
Winchester, Tenn.,	-	-	-	-	-	-	July 3, 1863.
Cowan Station,	-	-	-	-	-	-	July 3, 1863.
University,	-	-	-	-	-	-	July 4, 1863.
Chickamauga,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Sept. 19 and 20, 1863.
Missionary Ridge,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Nov. 23 to 25, 1863.
Chattanooga,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Sept. to Dec. 1863.
Dandridge,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Jan. 17, 1864.
Battles of the Wilderness:							
Todd's Tavern,	-	-	-	-	-	-	May 5, 1864.
Furnaces,	-	-	-	-	-	-	May 6, 1864.
Todd's Tavern, No. 2,	-	-	-	-	-	-	May 7, 1864.
Spottsylvania Court House,	-	-	-	-	-	-	May 8, 1864.
Beaver Dam,	-	-	-	-	-	-	May 10, 1864.
Yellow Tavern,	-	-	-	-	-	-	May 11, 1864.
Meadow Bridges and Richmond,	-	-	-	-	-	-	May 12, 1864.
Hanovertown,	-	-	-	-	-	-	May 27, 1864.
Tolopotomy Creek,	-	-	-	-	-	-	May 27, 1864.
Haue's Shop,	-	-	-	-	-	-	May 28, 1864.
Metadequin Creek,	-	-	-	-	-	-	May 30, 1864.



## B A T T L E S .

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Cold Harbor, . . . . .	May 31 and June 1, 1864.
Trevillian Station, . . . . .	June 11, 1864.
Mallory's Ford Cross Roads, . . . . .	June 12, 1864.
Tunstall Station, . . . . .	June 21, 1864.
St. Mary's Church, . . . . .	June 24, 1864.
Darbytown, . . . . .	July 28, 1864.
Lee's Mills, . . . . .	July 30, 1864.
Kernstown, . . . . .	Aug. 11, 1864.
Toll Gate, . . . . .	Aug. 11, 1864.
Kabletown, . . . . .	Aug. 26, 1864.
Smithfield Crossing of the Opequan, . . . . .	Aug. 29, 1864.
Berryville, . . . . .	Sept. 3, 1864.
Opequan Creek, . . . . .	Sept. 15, 1864.
Opequan, . . . . .	Sept. 19, 1864.
Fisher's Hill, . . . . .	Sept. 23, 1864.
Tom's Brook, . . . . .	Oct. 9, 1864.
Cedar Creek, . . . . .	Oct. 19, 1864.
Middletown, . . . . .	Nov. 12, 1864.
The Winchester Raid, . . . . .	Feb. 27 to March 25, 1864.
Mount Crawford, . . . . .	March 1, 1865.
Waynesboro, . . . . .	March 2, 1865.
North Anna Bridges, . . . . .	March 14, 1865.
Ashland, . . . . .	March 15, 1865.
The Richmond Campaign, . . . . .	March 25 to April 9, 1865.
Dinwiddie Court House, . . . . .	March 31, 1865.
Five Forks, . . . . .	April 1, 1865.
Scott's Corners, . . . . .	April 2, 1865.
Amelia Court House, . . . . .	April 4, 1865.
Jettersville, . . . . .	April 5, 1865.
Sailors' Creek, . . . . .	April 6, 1865.
Farmville, . . . . .	April 7, 1865.
Appomattox Depot, . . . . .	April 8, 1865.
Appomattox Court House, . . . . .	April 9, 1865.

## OFFICERS.

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### COMMANDER.

Lieut.-Gen. PHILIP H. SHERIDAN, U.S.A.

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### SENIOR VICE-COMMANDER.

COL. JOHN MASON LOOMIS.

---

### JUNIOR VICE-COMMANDER.

Bvt.-Brig.-Gen. WM. E. STRONG.

---

### RECORDER.

Capt. RICHARD ROBINS.

---

### REGISTRAR.

Major WM. ELIOT FURNESS.

---

### TREASURER.

First Lieut. THOMAS C. EDWARDS.

---

### CHANCELLOR.

Bvt.-Lieut.-Col. TAYLOR P. RUNDLET.

---

### CHAPLAIN.

Chaplain ARTHUR EDWARDS.

---

### COUNCIL.

Lieut.-Col. CHAS. W. DAVIS.

Paymaster HORATIO L. WAIT.

Capt. FRANCIS MORGAN.

Capt. DAVID H. GILE.

Capt. JOHN C. NEELY.

## COMPANIONS.

### FIRST CLASS.

Second Lieut. Abbott L. Adams.	Gen. Ulysses S. Grant.
Major William Appleton Amory.	Bvt.-Capt. Amos J. Harding.
First Lieut. Samuel Appleton.	Bvt.-Lieut.-Col. James J. Hoyt.
Col. William L. Barnum.	Bvt.-Major Henry A. Huntington.
Major Samuel E. Barrett.	Passed Ass't Surgeon J. Nevins Hyde.
Bvt.-Brig.-Gen. Luther P. Bradley, U.S.A.	Bvt.-Maj.-Gen. Rutherford B. Hayes.
Col. Wesley Brainard.	Bvt.-Maj. Gurdon S. Hubbard, Jr.
First Lieut. David C. Bradley.	Bvt.-Maj.-Gen. Rufus Ingalls, U.S.A.
Bvt.-Major Geo. T. Burroughs.	Bvt.-Lt.-Col. Huntington W. Jackson.
First Lt. Benjamin H. Campbell, Jr.	Bvt.-Major Wm. Le B. Jenney.
Capt. Eugene Cary.	First Lieut. James Howard Jenkins.
Bvt.-Maj.-Gen. Augustus L. Chetlain.	Bvt.-Lt.-Col. E. B. Knox U.S.A. (ret'd)
Bvt.-Lieut.-Col. Haswell C. Clarke.	Bvt.-Brig.-Gen. Joseph B. Leake.
Bvt.-Major Thomas C. Clarke.	Major-Gen. John A. Logan.
First Lieut. Albert L. Coe.	Major-Gen. Mortimer D. Leggett.
Bvt.-Major-Gen. John M. Corse.	First Lieut. Theodore W. Letton.
Capt. Simeon H. Crane.	Bvt.-Major Geo. Mason.
First Lieut. George Chandler.	Capt. Roswell H. Mason.
Col. T. Lyle Dickey.	Capt. John T. McAuley.
Bvt.-Brig.-Gen. Arthur C. Ducat.	Bvt.-Brig.-Gen. Alex. C. McClurg.
Major Clarence H. Dyer.	First Lieut. John McLaren.
Major John Adams Fitch.	Bvt.-Major William A. McLean.
Bvt.-Brig.-Gen. Chas. Fitz Simons.	Capt. John G. McWilliams.
Bvt.-Brig.-Gen. J. W. Forsyth, U.S.A.	Bvt.-Major Lewis B. Mitchell.
Bvt.-Capt. Joseph B. Foraker.	Capt. William A. Montgomery.
Capt. Geo. M. Farnham.	Bvt.-Brig.-Gen. Wm. Myers, U.S.A.

## COMPANIONS.

### FIRST CLASS.

Bvt.-Lieut.-Col. J. J. McDermid.	First Lieut. John W. Streeter.
Major and Surg. O. W. Nixon.	Bvt.-Major Harry L. Swords.
Capt. Ephraim A. Otis.	Bvt.-Brig.-Gen. Joseph L. Stockton.
Major George L. Paddock.	Bvt.-Col. Edgar D. Swain.
First Lieut. Henry T. Porter.	Bvt.-Col.-Alexander F. Stevenson.
Bvt.-Major Sartell Prentice.	Bvt.-Brig.-Gen. John L. Thompson.
Acting Ass't Paymaster G. S. Redfield	First Lieut. Edward N. K. Talcott.
Capt. Charles D. Rhodes.	First Lieut. Richard S. Tuthill.
Major and Surg. E. O. F. Roler.	Capt. Horace H. Thomas.
First Lieut. John W. Rumsey.	First Lieut. Benjamin W. Underwood.
Major Henry A. Rust.	Col. Nathan H. Walworth.
Capt. Israel P. Rumsey.	Bvt.-Col. Deming N. Welch.
Second Lieut. Martin J. Russell.	Capt. James C. White.
Bvt.-Lieut.-Col. Edmund R. P. Shurly, U.S.A. (ret'd).	Bvt.-Major-Gen. Julius White.
First Lieut. Joseph J. Siddall.	Bvt.-Lieut.-Col. James R. Willett.
Bvt.-Brig.-Gen. I. N. Stiles.	Lieut.-Col. Arba N. Waterman.

### SECOND CLASS.

First Lt. Arthur C. Ducat, Jr., U.S.A. | Mr. Edwards Corse.

### THIRD CLASS.

Hon. E. B. Washburne. | Hon. Ezra B. McCagg.

## TOASTS AND RESPONSES.

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The literary portion of the Banquet now being in order, the Presiding Officer, Col. John Mason Loomis, Senior Vice Commander, announced the Regular Toasts.

FIRST TOAST.

“Our Guest.”

RESPONSE BY

Mt.-Brig.-Gen. Wm. C. Strong, U. S. Vols.

MR. COMMANDER AND COMPANIONS: America has produced the highest type of public men the world has ever seen. For a century we have stood unparalleled with our immortal Washington. For twenty years the world has bowed in awe before the majestic figure of Abraham Lincoln.

I speak to-night of a subaltern, of the commander of a regiment, brigade, division, corps, army—of one who could always be found where the battle raged fiercest and the dead lay thickest—of one who is preëminently a man of the people.

Around every patriotic fireside from the New England Hills to the Golden Gate, beyond the seas in every land and every clime his deeds are household words.

Why do orators speak in glowing eulogy of his services? Why do musicians sing his praises, and poets tell the marvels of his history?

It is because around his life and military career there cluster the most stirring memories of march, battle and campaign! It is because of shattered columns rallied and defeats turned into victories! of deeds of knightly valor on scores of memorable fields! It is because of his supreme influence over the men he commanded at the critical moment in battle! "If the column wavered, he led it. If it halted he sent the music to the front, and with drawn saber and uncovered head himself rode down the line," and it moved on with irresistible force and always, always to victory! If a mounted trooper reeled in his saddle the ringing voice of his commander might be heard distinct and clear above the roar of the conflict, "Steady there, it's all right!" and the soldier wounded perhaps to death and with his life blood ebbing away at each throb of his heart, regains his seat by a mighty effort of his will, clutches his saber with a dying grip, keeps his place in ranks, preserves the battle line and then falls dead from his saddle within the enemy's works! It is because of all these grand and glorious recollections which warm the blood and stir the heart! It is because of his brilliant service to his country in her hour of peril and need!

There is no one living in America to-day who is closer to the hearts of the veteran soldiers, more loved, more idolized than the one of whom I speak. There is no one closer to the hearts of the whole American people.

We prize his friendship as the greatest honor and pleasure of our lives. Gentle and tender and modest as a woman—trusty and true everywhere and always.

We know his aversion to words of praise, and never before have we trespassed upon his feelings, but on this

private occasion, we his friends and admirers, claim the right—demand the right to speak of him as our hearts dictate and he must listen if never again. It is one of the penalties of being great.

For a moment let us glance at a few of the illustrious commanders of whom history tells.

Alexander, Cæsar, Pyrrhus, Scipio, Sertorius, the extent of whose conquests and the splendor of whose exploits surpass all other heroes of their time. Hannibal, who with his Numidian horse overthrew the chivalry of Rome at Cannæ and left 40,000 Roman dead upon the field. Cromwell, who led that invincible charge of his Ironsides at Marston Moor, the hero of Naseby, of Dunbar and of Worcester. Frederick II of Prussia, who defeated the Austrians on the bloody field of Leuthen, which battle has been pronounced a master piece. The Duke of Wellington, whose battles were like the heavy blows of the battering ram that strike straight and hard. Henry of Navarre, who electrified his army by the words, "Behold the enemy! If you lose sight of your ensigns rally around my plume!" and straightway led it to victory at Ivry.

Granted that they commanded immense armies—killed and wounded countless numbers—conquered vast territories—brought grief and distress to millions of homes. Granted that they were mighty warriors and the greatest generals of the days in which they lived. Grant all that history claims for them, we must not forget that most of them fought with mailed steed and chariot, battle axe and spear, breast plate and helmet, cross bow and match lock, and that centuries have added much to the luster of their fame.

Search their history and tell me if you can find anything grander, more stirring, more splendid than the record of the soldier of whom I speak, among the dark cedars at Stone River; in the defiles and forests of Chickamauga; on the slopes of Missionary Ridge before the frowning heights of Lookout; in that long list of fierce and bloody encounters from the crossing of the Rapidan to Cold Harbor and Trevillian Station; in that marvelous series of victories over Early in the Valley of the Shenandoah, ending on the historic field of Cedar Creek, and crowning all with a halo of glory, those matchless strokes in the last campaign, heavy, hard and in quick succession, unequaled in all history, among which stand out in bold relief the memorable names of Dinwiddie, Five Forks, Amelia Court House, Jettersville, Sailors Creek, Appomattox. Can you find one in all the list firmer, more tranquil, more stubborn in resistance, more dashing, brilliant, vehement, or obstinate in attack? Can you find one whose plans were better laid or better executed, or who surpassed him in skill, strategy and all the science of war?

Shall we compare him to Napoleon's great captain and fearless rider with his plumed hat and uniform of scarlet and gold, at the head of the French cavalry, the terror of all Europe? No! Murat will not bear the comparison. Murat's character will not bear inspection. Besides he was only a soldier. He was only a cavalry leader.

Take Napoleon himself, reputed the greatest general that has ever lived. His greatness in the fierce light of history is growing smaller and his smallness is growing greater every day. Scan his field of operations and see how, in defiance of all the rules of war he spread his thin



line of disaffected myrmidons from the Neimen and the Skager Rack to the Tagus and the Guadalquiver and left 450,000 of them and 900 cannon in the snows of Russia. Once this was called greatness. We who have lived in the field near the enemy know that it was folly and imbecility. He stands in history to-day the direst of all failures. His test was success and he took France free and victorious, the greatest and most powerful of nations, the admired and envied of the world, and left her conquered, enslaved, ruined and trodden by half a million foreign soldiers, and his own people said of him as with one voice, "Enough of Bonaparte."

From lieutenant to the command of an army—from the Cascades of the Columbia to Appomattox, the means of the man of whom I speak were adapted to his ends. His genius is the embodiment of common sense applied to war. Measured by Napoleon's test of success Napoleon falls—this hero rises. History will be fatal to the one and immortal glory to the other. The American people will never say, "Enough" of the man of whom I speak.

\* \* \* "Tis much he dares;  
And to that dauntless temper of his mind  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor  
To act in safety."

Down through history, through countless ages yet to come his name will be inscribed high up on the roster of the world's great generals.

We gather here to do honor to this soldier on his fifty-first birthday. Time has touched him lightly. Clasp hands around this festive board and with the dear, grand memories of the old days thronging thick and fast upon us and with hearts beating in sympathy and in unison we

tender him a soldier's love, a soldier's greeting. Many and happy be his years—rich with all the honors a grateful Republic can bestow.

And now comrades fill your glasses to the brim, rise and drink with me the health of one of the grandest soldiers of the age, the incomparable leader of men, our friend, our companion, the commander of this Military Order and its honored guest, Lieutenant-General Philip H. Sheridan.

In answer to loud calls and cheers for "Our Commander,"

Lt.-Gen. P. H. Sheridan

rose and said :

COMRADES OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE COMMANDERY  
OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS :

I regret exceedingly that I cannot properly express to you my high appreciation of the compliment paid me on this occasion, by this sumptuous and charming dinner. To be well thought of by comrades who were by my side, or serving in sister armies, in the great struggle for human freedom and national existence, is a satisfaction which fills my heart with pride. I know that this kind consideration to me is not due to the fact that I am the President of this Commandery, but a tribute to the services I rendered to our beloved country during the time of her great need. But while you seem to be willing to accord to me high praise, I, at least, do not forget that a general, no matter how brilliant may be his military genius, is nothing without good officers and men.

I am, therefore, comrades, willing to bow my head and acknowledge that what has come to me has been by the assistance of such gallant officers and men as are represented here to-night by this commandery. There never was, in my judgment, so effective a body of officers and men as the armies of the Union at the close of our rebellion. It has been my fortune to have witnessed the hostile operations of large bodies of trained soldiers in Continental Europe, since the close of our war, and, while they were steady under fire, youthful in looks, handsomely uniformed and well equipped, they had not the experience or the resources of the ragged veterans who marched through Washington at the close of the war.

It may be proper, considering the occasion, to refer to myself, and I will, therefore, say that I came home from among the Indians along the Columbia River, in the distant state of Oregon, some eight months after the war of the rebellion had commenced, having just been promoted from a First Lieutenant to the rank of Captain, and with the love of my country dearest in my heart. I was young, healthy and vigorous; so well hardened by my mountain service, it now seems to me, when I look back on what I went through, that I must have been almost insensible to fatigue. I became the Chief Quartermaster and Chief Commissary of the Army of the Southwest, and carried that army forward until after the battle of Pea Ridge. I then returned, and by links which it would be too tedious on this occasion to dwell upon, found myself at Shiloh, three or four days after the famous battle there, when I became the Colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry. I had never seen the regi-

ment, had never met any of the officers, except Major Alger and the Quartermaster, and only met them when they brought me the telegram announcing me as the Colonel of the regiment. I was made its Colonel on the morning of the day I joined the regiment, which was after dark, and at nine o'clock P.M. marched with it on the Booneville raid, and burned the trains in rear of the rebel army at Booneville. An opening had now come, and I believed I could make the most of it, by being an honorable, truthful soldier. I knew no one in authority to help me, and if I had, I think I would have preferred to rely on myself and the men and officers I commanded, for any future which might come to me. I, therefore, thought I would make the best Colonel I could, without looking for anything higher, unless I could win it. Success so far attended me that in less than one month I was a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. When I became a Brigadier-General I thought I would make the best one I could. A division of infantry came to my command, in what afterward became the old Army of the Cumberland, and that division made me Major-General before the year was up, December 31st, 1863, at Stone River. While in command of this old division, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and the campaign into East Tennessee came on, in all of which the division did so well, that I was transferred to the Army of the Potomac, to command the magnificent cavalry corps of that army. With it I led the advance of Grant's victorious army through the Wilderness and down to Petersburg. Still retaining the command of the cavalry corps, which I did until the end of the war, I was transferred to the Valley of the Shenandoah, to command the army of that name.

For the first battle fought, I was made Brigadier-General in the Regular Army, and for the third battle, just one month afterward, I was made a Major-General in the Regular Army.

Events went on, and in the early spring of 1865, abandoning, temporarily, the command of the Middle Military Division and the Army of the Shenandoah, I put myself at the head of the cavalry corps, and started to join Sherman's army, in South Carolina, but failing to cross my command over the James River, on account of high water, I thought I would do the next best thing, and go down and join Grant at Petersburg, and again led the advance of the Armies of General Grant, on the last campaign against Lee. You all know, comrades, what occurred on that campaign.

My friends, by following my remarks, you will see that the cavalry made me a Brigadier-General, in the volunteer service at Booneville; then the infantry, a Major-General, at Stone River. The cavalry and infantry at the battle of Opequan, near Winchester, made me a Brigadier-General in the Regular Army, and the cavalry, infantry and artillery, at Cedar Creek—commonly known as the battle of Winchester—made me a Major-General in the Regular Army, and it was to me, while in command of cavalry and infantry, that the white flag was presented at Appomattox, in token of surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, commanded by General Lee, on the morning of April 9th, 1865.

All these promotions and successes came to me, and I now say, before this Commandery, that there is not a scrap of paper existing which will show that I ever asked for any one of them. They were won for me by the

troops I had the honor to command. It has been said that I was rash; that I was dashing and reckless. I say in reply that there never was an officer more careful of his troops. I never lost a man without a just equivalent, if I could help it. There never was an officer who was more painstaking to obtain information of the enemy, his strength and his intentions, than I was. I took good care of my men. I encamped them well. I watched their rations and their comforts, and when we fought the enemy I showed the men the confidence of victory from my knowledge of the enemy, and my confidence in them. I probably should not speak so much about myself, but it should be remembered that I was the Chief Quartermaster and the Chief Commissary of the Army of the Southwest, at the battle of Pea Ridge; a cavalry commander in Mississippi, with the Army of the Tennessee; an infantry commander in Kentucky and Tennessee, with the Army of the Cumberland; a cavalry commander in Virginia, with the Army of the Potomac; an infantry and cavalry commander in the Valley of the Shenandoah, and a cavalry and infantry commander in the last campaign against Lee, ending at Appomattox; that I was constantly changing from one arm of the service to another, and constantly changing from different sections of the country to others, with new lines of operations to study and operate on, new men to command, who had no acquaintance with me; that I had to overcome the natural jealousies of sections, and the jealousies engendered from an infantry officer commanding cavalry.

All my war commissions, comrades, have the date of a

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battle, except my present one of Lieutenant-General, which was given for all.

Thanking you, gentlemen, for your patience with me in this personal recital, I will now give place to others, who can better entertain you.

## SECOND TOAST,

"Our Country."

## RESPONSE BY

Maj.-Gen. A. F. Chetlain, U. S. Vols.

MR. COMMANDER AND COMPANIONS: The theme which your committee has assigned to me is a broad and comprehensive one—so broad and so comprehensive that I can but touch upon it, in the brief time allotted me to speak.

Our country to-day embraces within its limits the finest part of the best continent on the globe. Its people are without doubt the most intelligent, enterprising, progressive and prosperous to be found, and its history is full of thrilling interest to all peoples who love liberty and desire the blessings of good government.

Two and a half centuries ago a few feeble colonies planted themselves on the very verge of this continent, and struggled heroically against privation, famine and the attacks of hostile savages. A century ago these colonies had grown into a nation of over 3,000,000 souls. They were a brave, God-fearing and liberty-loving people. Unwilling to endure the oppression of the mother country, they rebelled, and having successfully resisted her power, at the end of a long and bloody war, declared themselves a free and independent nation, and founded a government whose corner stone was liberty and equality. Over three-fourths of a century of unexampled prosperity followed. From 3,000,000 the nation increased to nearly 40,000,000. An irrepressible conflict between slavery and liberty had, however, been going on with more or less



bitterness during all these long years, and that conflict finally culminated in the great war for the suppression of the rebellion. In the effort to suppress that rebellion, inaugurated by the slave power, the government acted purely in self-defense. It uttered its wail of peril, it published to its sons its danger, and called upon them to fly to its rescue; and can any of us ever forget the response to that call, so prompt, so wide-reaching, so determined? The world never before saw such an army. An army that contained so much of the intelligence, of the culture, of the skill of the nation. In that terrible struggle was involved all that was dear to the lovers of liberty. The noblest government ever reared by human ingenuity was thrown into jeopardy. The grand old ship of the Union was forced toward ruinous breakers. The winds were madly struggling to sweep it against the reef of disintegration. But the valorous men who heard the call of the nation's dauntless chief to come to the rescue, flung themselves between the government and the dangers gathering thickly about it, *and it was saved*. This nation, once partly free and partly slave, emerged from the conflict *grandly and gloriously free*—free from its center to its remotest bounds.

All the lessons which come from the past are valuable to us, and none more so than those which are connected with our late internal conflict. Renewedly are we taught that in complete union lies the greatest strength.

If when divided we could accomplish so much, what may we not gain for liberty, humanity and right, when there is no discord within our borders. We are taught, moreover, the mighty power which centers in a true love of liberty. Our brave sons fought not from compulsion, but from free choice, because each had an interest at

stake. Despotism forces its subjects to war. *Liberty fascinates its friends to her defense.*

We know the past and the present of our country. Proud as we are, and justly so, of our country's greatness, what shall be said of its future? We have unfailing faith, and believe that its future will be as its past, only replete with all that can make a nation prosperous and great. And yet many earnest and patriotic men in the land feel a deep solicitude for our country's future. At least three great dangers are believed to threaten it. The concentration of vast wealth in the hands of favored individuals; the growth of gigantic monopolies, and the inevitable conflict between labor and capital in the near future.

These loom up like a dark cloud on the horizon, and it will require the united effort of the wisest and best men in the nation to avert the dangers, and carry the country intact through them. Our hope lies in the patriotism of our people. The great heart of the nation has been, is, and ever will be loyal to the principles that underlie our government. Guided by the hand of a beneficent and allwise Providence, our ship of state will, we confidently believe, be borne across the perilous sea into a harbor of safety.

\* \* "Sail on, oh Ship of State,  
Sail on, oh Union strong and great;  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate.

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Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee;  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears;  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee."

THIRD TOAST,

"The Regular Army."

Its history tells of  
"A thousand glorious actions that might claim  
Triumphant laurels and immortal fame."

RESPONSE BY

First Lt. Richard S. Tuthill, U. S. Vols.

GENTLEMEN: When first informed that it was the order of "the powers that be" that I should to-night respond to the toast, "The Regular Army," I was much inclined to demur, and insist that some one of you gentlemen more familiar with the Regular Army, its history and traditions than I, should speak for it on this occasion. There is our illustrious commander, Gen. Sheridan, since his school days at West Point, a Regular, who could tell us many interesting things about it learned at "Benny Havens, O," on the plains fighting Indians, or on a hundred battle fields of the Rebellion, performing there deeds of generalship and valor such as elicited the admiration and plaudits of his country and the world. There is his friend and staff officer, Gen. Forsyth, who could, with a humor that has so often convulsed you, give us personal reminiscences of a lifetime spent in the regular service, which I am sure would furnish a far better after-dinner entertainment than it is in my power to offer you. Again, there is our honored friend and Senior Vice Commander, Col. Loomis, who has so often sung for us that stirring heroic poem which treats in detail of the organization, equipment, achievements and glorious history, etc., etc.,

of the Regular Army, whose "officers are fighting men." Why was he not selected to respond to this toast? I was not a Regular. Old Gen. ——— used to say when reprimanding one of his soldiers for some breach of discipline, "Are you going to make a blasted volunteer of yourself?" I was only a "blasted volunteer." (I am not one to-night.) I learned, however, enough of army discipline while a volunteer to know that it is the first duty of a soldier to obey orders, and so I suppose I must.

It may not have occurred to any of you that it is no easy thing to speak fluently, entertainingly, instructively or eloquently on a theme concerning which you know nothing. I am bound to confess that more than once I have been somewhat embarrassed to know just what to say under such circumstances. Fearing I might find myself so situated to-night, I resolved to visit the Public Library and "cram," as the boys call it, on "The Regular Army." I happened, with what seemed rare good luck, to run across the works of a distinguished officer in the Engineer Department of the United States Army, sometime serving on the Pacific Coast—Capt. Geo. H. Derby, who is better known to the literary world under the *nom de plume* John Phoenix. From this author I hoped to gain valuable knowledge as to the services of the Regular Army, and something also of the organization of armies, their composition, etc., and especially of our own Regular Army. Coming to the chapter which treats of the "Composition of Armies," I was sure I had before me the knowledge needed in order to instruct and edify a discriminating audience, such as I see before me. Squibob's dissertation on the infantry and cavalry branches of the army struck me as somewhat novel, to say the least. I

was not, however, prepared to dissent from positions taken by so eminent a member of the Topographical Engineers as Capt. Derby. It seemed to me, in fact, that many of his suggestions were very sensible. For instance, he says, "And first with regard to the composition of armies for offensive operations in the field. For this purpose let a body of men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five be selected, if for immediate active service blacks should be selected as being undoubtedly more offensive than whites." Thus I learned for the first time that the country is indebted to an officer in the Regular Army—a Southern-born man, too,—for the idea of arming the blacks—a measure which years afterward the government, in its hour of extremest danger, hesitatingly, but, as is admitted by all now, wisely adopted.

Proceeding with my study of the learned and scientific treatise I have above referred to, I was much struck with the author's suggestions of an improved artillery service. Having myself been in that corps I felt that I was qualified to form some intelligent opinion as to the value of the improvements recommended. I know you will thank me for calling to your attention views which struck me as certainly original with the author. He says, "When flying artillery is used in connection with these troops (infantry armed and equipped as previously recommended by him) it will consist of four and six-pound field pieces carefully strapped on the backs of stout jackasses, and pointed to the rear. These being fired, the recoil will arouse all the natural obstinacy of the animal, who, thinking he is pushed forward, will instantly move stern first with incredible celerity toward the enemy. When a retreat is ordered, the men serving the guns will pull the

beast's tail, who will immediately change his motion and rush forward with impetuosity. It is thus," the author thoughtfully observes, "that man shows his supremacy over the brute creation, in rendering even their evil dispositions subservient to his designs."

I cannot tell what you think of it. I am bound to confess that after a careful perusal of Capt. Derby's treatise, notwithstanding on its title page it was dedicated "To Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, the friend and classmate of the author," a very eminent military authority and soldier, I had serious doubts as to whether the writer was quite in earnest. And so it was I said I would read no more, but after telling you of my search for information bearing upon the subject of the toast, I would say of the Regular Army a few things which every American boy knows all about.

Washington may fitly be called the father, not only of his country, but as well of the Regular Army. With the clear sight of a great general, he foresaw that, while a large standing army was to be feared as hostile to that civil liberty he and his compatriots of the Revolution had so gloriously struggled to establish in America, a well organized, thoroughly disciplined, though small, body of regular troops was absolutely essential to the preservation of that same liberty, whether from foreign aggressions or internal strife. He urged upon Congress the organization of a body of Regular troops, to be kept constantly in the service and pay of the newly formed nation, and the establishment by the Government of a military academy for the instruction of young men in the science and art of war, in order that when war should come the Government might have men to organize its armies, transforming its

patriotic citizens into intelligent soldiers, supplementing patriotic valor by military knowledge and making thus an army not of military machines, but of individual heroes.

The handful of men and officers, known as the Regular Army, has made for itself a history uniformly splendid. Without boasting, without commendation, often the butt of demagogues in Congress and on the stump, it has done and done well all that the country called upon it to do. In all the wars in which our country has been involved, it has acted a glorious part. Whether at New Orleans, at Lundy's Lane, at Palo Alto, Buena Vista and Mexico, in the Everglades of Florida, in the war with treacherous savages on our western frontier, which has been continuous from its first organization down to the present time, or in the terrific conflicts of our civil war, the Regular Army, its officers and men have done their whole duty, and have carried our country's flag full high advanced to unvarying and glorious victory.



## FOURTH TOAST,

## "The Navy."

Its patriotism as deep, its daring as measureless, as the waters upon which it has achieved imperishable renown.

## RESPONSE BY

Paymaster Horatio L. Wilt, late U. S. N.

The patriotism and daring of the men whose bold deeds created our navy, and wrung reluctant admissions of its superiority from the navies of the old world, also created for it such a prestige, and such a profound respect for the American Ensign in foreign ports, that the traditions thereof continued down to the time of the outbreak of our great Rebellion.

When that irrepressible conflict was actually commenced, however, the Nation awakened to a realizing sense of the awkward fact that our navy consisted mainly of traditions, for of the nominal force of ninety vessels borne on the Navy Register, only nine were efficient war ships of the best modern type, and most of these had been purposely sent to foreign stations, and only one vessel was available for immediate service. The National Government found itself confronted with the enormous task of patrolling a hostile coast line of over two thousand miles, and of blockading over fifty Rebel ports and inlets, in addition to the increased necessity for cruisers in foreign waters to protect the American shipping interests, which had been so prosperous. Our finest clipper ships were lying idle in foreign ports, because timid shippers dared not trust their precious freights in American bot-



toms, and Raphael Semmes boasted that he found in the port of Singapore alone, twenty-two of our Yankee clipper ships thus tied up. We had no suitable war ships with which to prevent this, and the Kearsarge, that finally sank Semmes' piratical craft, was inferior to the Alabama, in number of guns. Our best officers were chafing under an enforced inactivity, simply because there were no suitable men o' war for them to sail in. Farragut, Rowan, Rodgers, Worden, and many others were all thus inactive, when the great emergency called them into activity and gave full scope for the display of that enterprise and ingenuity with which they soon astonished the country, and confounded its enemies.

At that time it took two or three years to construct and equip a large war ship. We wanted ships instantly. What was to be done? They could not be bought. We must create them; and we did. Twenty sea going gun boats were built in ninety days, which did good service for several years, though they were all used up and condemned by the end of the war. Cruisers and Ironclads were constructed as rapidly as possible, and in the meantime all the available water craft of the northern ports were pressed into service for fighting purposes, from the great passenger steamers, so extremely unfit for the purpose, down to the harbor tugs. Even the old New York ferry boats had heavy guns put on them, and went boldly to sea, and, strange to say, under the adroit management of skillful officers, were actually made to render efficient service. In two years our navy was increased from forty vessels actually in commission, to over five hundred vessels.

This task of creating a navy fell largely upon the naval

officers, for the resources of our few, meagerly equipped, navy yards were utterly inadequate to the work, and the labor was mostly done by artisans unfamiliar with what was needed, under the personal direction of the officers themselves, who, with their own hands, helped to adapt and equip for fighting purposes the ungainly and often ridiculous old craft in which they afterward fought so well, and with such substantial results. In such a craft as this, the old *Varuna*, the gallant *Boggs* fought at Forts Jackson and Phillip, until she sank from under him, but not until she had destroyed six rebel vessels, and well paid for herself in the damage inflicted upon the enemy. In another such, the *Hatteras*, the daring *Blake* engaged and fought the rebel *Alabama* until the *Hatteras* was riddled through and through, and sank under him.

None knew better than the gallant officers who tried to adapt them to war purposes how utterly unfit for fighting these vessels were, and the moral courage required to risk their professional reputation and the National honor in such wretched substitutes for war ships, was infinitely greater than the physical courage required to face the enemy and the pitiless wintry gales. Yet that moral courage was shared in by officers and men alike.

When Commander Bankhead was ordered to command the original *Monitor*, after *Worden* had been disabled in the fight with the *Merrimack*, he read his orders of detachment and assignment to the command of the *Monitor*, on the quarter deck of the ship he then commanded, to the ship's company at muster, and in a few well chosen words thanked the crew for their efficiency in the many actions they had been engaged in, and said he regretted having to leave them, but that he believed

he could render more efficient service to the country in the Montior, though of course it would be very desperate service. The moment he had concluded, the old gray haired Captain of the forecastle came forward, and asked as a favor that he might go with Bankhead on the Monitor. Then the whole ship's company advanced in a body, and asked that they might go also. Bankhead, with some emotion, told them that they could not all go, of course, but that he would take as many as he could. The men went with enthusiasm to the illfated craft, though at the time they well knew the utter unseaworthiness of the little Monitor, and some of these very men went down with her when she foundered at sea in a gale a few weeks afterwards.

The devotion of these seamen had been stimulated, it is true, by the inspiring excitement of actual conflict and of victory. But the same spirit of unselfish devotion was shown at the very beginning. In one of the vessels on which I served was an aged man o' war's man, of the old school, who, by reason of extreme age and length of service, had been sent to the Naval Asylum before the war. At the first call to arms, this old man went to the Navy Yard and desired to be sent to sea in a fighting ship, but was refused, on account of his extreme age. He then went to New York, and there succeeded in getting to sea. And I well remember when we crossed Charleston Bar in a fierce northeast gale, under such hazardous circumstances that nothing but the urgent nature of the duty justified it, the Captain ordered a man sent into the fore chains to heave the lead, and no sooner was the order passed, than this old man was over in the chains at the lead. The officer of the watch was told to send a

younger man in his place, but he begged to be allowed to stay, and performed the service with a vigor and skill that could not have been surpassed by the sturdiest seaman in the ship. This old man was always foremost when there was any difficult or dangerous duty to perform, and you may well believe that with such an example before them, there were no laggards in that ship.

In the sieges on the Southern coast, the troops used great numbers of Parrott rifled heavy guns. These guns burst so frequently that it was the regular practice to take cover before firing them. The same kind of heavy guns were in general use on the vessels of the Navy, and frequently burst there also, sometimes with great loss of life; yet the guns' crews invariably stood as calmly around their guns when fired in action, as if they did not know that those Parrott rifles were bursting almost daily in the siege batteries, and in the fleet also.

Those who live in communion with the wonders of the deep, and who grow by measuring their strength against the warring elements, insensibly acquire an ennobled sentiment of devotion to duty, and even those among them who are reckless or improvident may yet be safely relied upon in the hour of need; in stress of weather, and in stress of battle, the typical American seamen may be relied upon absolutely to do all that can be done.

A long familiarity with this fact served to embolden Farragut to undertake to fight Ironclads with wooden ships; Worden, to encounter a ponderous floating battery, with what was contemptuously termed by the enemy a cheese box on a raft; Morris, to fight the helpless old Cumberland, until she sank with her battle flags flying, her crew at quarters, and firing her guns after the port

sills were under water; Roe, to ram an Ironclad with a wooden gun-boat; Cushing, to run eight miles inside the enemy's lines, and sink an Ironclad ram with an open boat; and so on through a long list of brilliant and unprecedented achievements, showing daring and skill in as high a degree as was ever recorded, and proving the existence of a pure and unselfish devotion to noble principles, that elevates the standard of common manhood, and admonishes us to do the best we can while yet we may be spared.

## FIFTH TOAST,

"Our Dead."

"A chosen corps—they are marching on,  
 In a wider field than ours:  
 Those bright battalions still fulfill  
 The scheme of the heavenly powers:  
 And high, brave thoughts float down to us,  
 The echoes of that far fight,  
 Like the flash of a distant picket's gun  
 Through the shades of the severing night."

RECITATION—"Burial March of Dundee," by

Maj. Gen. Chas. Fitz Simons, U. S. Vols.

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## II.

On the heights of Killecrankie  
 Yester morn our army lay :  
 Slowly rose the mist in columns  
 From the river's broken way ;  
 Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,  
 And the pass was wrapped in gloom,  
 When the clansmen rose together  
 From their lair amidst the broom.  
 Then we belted on our tartans,  
 And our bonnets down we drew,  
 And we felt our broadswords' edges,  
 And we proved them to be true ;  
 And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,  
 And we cried the gathering cry,  
 And we clasped the hands of kinsmen  
 And we swore to do or die !

Then our leader rode before us  
On his war-horse black as night —  
Well the Cameronian rebels  
Knew that charger in the fight ! —  
And a cry of exultation  
From the bearded warriors rose ;  
For we loved the house of Claver'se,  
And we thought of good Montrose.  
But he raised his hand for silence—  
"Soldiers ! I have sworn a vow :  
Ere the evening star shall glisten  
On Schehallions lofty brow,  
Either we shall rest in triumph,  
Or another of the Græmes  
Shall have died in battle-harness  
For his Country and King James !  
Think upon the Royal Martyr—  
Think of what his race endure—  
Think on him whom butchers murder'd  
On the field of Magus Muir :—  
By his sacred blood I charge ye,  
By the ruined hearth and shrine —  
By the blighted hopes of Scotland,  
By your injuries and mine —  
Strike this day as if the anvil  
Lay beneath your blows the while.  
Be they Covenanting traitors,  
Or the brood of false Argyle !  
Strike ! and drive the trembling rebels  
Backwards o'er the stormy Forth ;  
Let them tell their pale convention  
How they fared within the North.

Let them tell that Highland honor  
Is not to be bought nor sold,  
That we scorn their prince's anger  
As we loathe his foreign gold.  
Strike ! and when the fight is over,  
If you look in vain for me,  
Where the dead are lying thickest  
Search for him that was Dundee ! ”

## III.

\* \* \* \* \*

Soon we heard a challenge trumpet  
Sounding in the Pass below,  
And the distant tramp of horses,  
And the voices of the foe ;  
Down we crouched amid the bracken,  
Till the Lowland ranks draw near,  
Panting like the hounds in summer,  
When they scent the stately deer.  
From the dark defile emerging,  
Next we saw the squadrons come,  
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers  
Marching to the tuck of drum ;  
Through the scattered wood of birches,  
O'er the broken ground and heath,  
Wound the long battalions, slowly,  
Till they gained the field beneath ;  
Then we bounded from our covert.—  
Judge how looked the Saxons then,  
When they saw the rugged mountain  
Start to life with arméd men !  
Like a tempest down the ridges  
Swept the hurricane of steel,



Rose the Slogan of Macdonald —  
    Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel !  
Vainly sped the withering volley  
    'Mongst the foremost of our band—  
On we poured until we met them,  
    Foot to foot, and hand to hand.  
Horse and man went down like drift-wood  
    When the floods are black at Yule,  
And their carcasses are whirling  
    In the Garry's deepest pool.  
Horse and man went down before us—  
    Living foe there tarried none  
On the fields of Killecrankie,  
    When that stubborn fight was done !

## IV.

And the evening star was shining  
    On Schehallion's distant head,  
When we wiped our bloody broadswords,  
    And returned to count the dead.  
There we found him gashed and gory,  
    Stretched upon the cumbered plain,  
As he told us where to seek him,  
    In the thickest of the slain.  
And a smile was on his visage,  
    For within his dying ear  
Pealed the joyful note of triumph !  
    And the clansmen's clamorous cheer :  
So, amidst the battle's thunder,  
    Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,  
In the glory of his manhood  
    Passed the spirit of the Græme !

## V.

Open wide the vaults of Athol,  
Where the bones of heroes rest—  
Open wide the hallowed portals  
To receive another guest !  
Last of Scots, and last of freemen—  
Last of all that dauntless race  
Who would rather die unsullied  
Than outlive the land's disgrace !  
O thou lion-hearted warrior !  
Reck not of the after-time :  
Honor may be deemed dishonor,  
Loyalty be called a crime.  
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes  
Of the noble and the true,  
Hands that never failed their country,  
Hearts that never baseness knew.  
Sleep !—and till the latest trumpet  
Wakes the dead from earth and sea,  
Scotland shall not boast a braver  
Chieftain than our own Dundee !

SIXTH TOAST,

"Our Order."

"Esto perpetua."

RESPONSE BY

Major George F. Paddock, U. S. C. C.

MR. COMMANDER, GENTLEMEN: As we contemplate this toast how broad a vista opens before us! To a reckless and unscrupulous person how tempting would seem the opportunity to ramble away in distant parts of so vast a theme. Fortunately, however, for this unarmed and peaceful assemblage, the wisdom and justice of the authorities have guarded well all the approaches of talk; as the talkers have, with fraternal solicitude, been made aware that the lease of this hall is but temporary, and that we are not expected to fatigue ourselves with too protracted addresses. Whatever may be said of the merits of an open formation in aggressive tactics, the committee, as I understand, object to very wide intervals in the line of toasts upon an occasion like the present. I am, therefore, happy to predict that long before the dawn at this reunion of our order, all the responses will have been heard; not a regular lost, not a volunteer left on the field.

We have waited long for this time to come. Sitting with our honored guest to-night, ourselves the guests of a civic association devoted to national union, we may look back across many a year of varied experiences, traversed by us all for the sake of reaching this culminating hour. As the gardener works and watches for years, in order to behold some rare and crowning blossom of the conserva-

tory, so in a sense may it be said that we have been preparing for this meeting since the days of 1861.

In speaking, between the walnuts and the wine, of our order, are we to consume such evanescent moments in treating of the external structure of our institutions? Are we to stand without, and gaze upward at the edifice from the sidewalk, so to say? At such a time you will hardly expect an essay on the constitution. Yet I am free to aver that the M. O. L. L. U. S. has been blest by nature with a firm and robust constitution. Even our enemies, if we have any, would have to concede that. Are there not certain favored spots on the globe, perpetual watering places, everlasting sanitariums — Los Angeles, Chicago, Madeira, for example — where the climate preserves a golden mean the whole year round? And there are constitutions, and by-laws too, are there not? which, being reasonably benevolent toward the good, are yet neither oppressively violent nor pusillanimously weak and fickle toward the wicked. Ours is precisely such a constitution; it is not delicate, and we hope it is not indelicate. Competent judges certify it to be a compact, reliable document, in which a frank and engaging simplicity, and a fair amount of astuteness and ambiguity are blended in harmonious proportions. The constitution being safe, we may drop these dry technicalities and pass to the interior.

To begin at the beginning. Our modes of initiation are gentle, and our manners and customs good natured and serene. No novice who joins us need fear to pass the ordeal. He meets no Rosicrucian mysteries, no apparatus of ghosts and rattling bones, no horrid sights and sounds from the nether world. I may add that such

secret and sanguinary rituals, if they ever had the sanction of our order, have long since been abandoned in favor of milder methods. Since the present committee have had charge, as I am assured by the reports, there have been absolutely no casualties during the amicable ceremonies of affiliation. This is encouraging. The honorary promise of the neophyte, accompanied by his check for the amount of the initiation fee, has been found sufficient. Each member, on joining, being assigned a number, one of an arithmetical series increasing by units, the registration is simple and permanent. Indeed, we are a self-registering body from the first man to the last. The founders doubtless intended this as a means of avoiding unprofitable debate concerning the antiquity of our order. So long as badge number one can instantly be traced on the record it will be vain for any of us to pretend that we were coeval with Hiram of Tyre, or were present for duty at the laying of the corner stone of the temple. There is, therefore, no anachronism about the Loyal Legion; it belongs to the modern period, and is willing to admit it whenever the proper evidence is produced.

But deeper and more serious thoughts belong to my topic. We constantly ask ourselves for what does the order exist? What are its aims, what its uses? The answer is to be found in the lives of its members, and we may read its character and destiny in its acts.

It has inscribed upon its coat of arms that noble motto which subordinates the ambition of the warrior to the duty of the citizen. Hence it may well assume the title of loyal. We never can be too grateful, I think, that this is a land where the organization and movements of

armies are controlled by laws enacted and administered under the forms of republican government.

It was but a day or two since that there appeared in a New York paper a review of the life of a distinguished Peninsular veteran who lately died in England. The writer, in making some generalizations upon the book, uses this language: "It is the active, unreflecting spirits — the men who can receive with unquestioning faith the conventional morality and the popular politics of the time — who accept commissions in the army. They experience no difficulty in making over their consciences to the keeping of the superior military authorities, and are ready to shoot anybody at the word of command, without asking if he has done anything deserving of death."

With the propriety or impropriety of this condemnation, as applied to the officers of Wellington or his sovereign, we have at present no concern. But it does concern us to remember that our army was one that went forth to battle of its own accord, one in which neither officer nor private surrendered the keeping of his conscience to any living person. That army believed its cause to be just. In the presence of great danger to the country, and in obedience to the natural law of self-preservation, it took the military sacrament of devotion to its flag, the flag of our Union. For this the army and the nation may be proud, even amid the eternal sadnesses of civil war. For this we can rejoice that, with Americans at least, the name of soldier consists with the greater dignities of man and citizen.

So persuaded, we have employed ourselves in seeking out and bringing together our former companions, and thereby reviving and maintaining the friendships of the

past. Many have joined us; many others, as we hope, are on the way. The gathering memories of olden days hover about us as we come together, and we begin to discern the fact that the struggle, which at the time was supposed to relate mainly to our own country, was in reality a contest big with the fate of other and unborn republics across the seas. Its real forces begin to appear.

We have now approached a distance from which a broader, and therefore truer judgment is possible. Now is perceived, more than ever before, the extent of the service to the cause of civilization rendered by the armies of the Union.

We shall be found, while life lasts, engaged in the work. We intend not to lose sight of the great purposes of the order. We are mortal, but not wholly shall we die, if, living in the persons of our descendants, we establish the successors by whom our places are to be filled. So may the order endure, and so be accomplished the loving aspiration: "ESTO PERPETUA!"

## SEVENTH TOAST.

“The Volunteer Soldiers of the  
Union Army.”

“Unselfish, untiring,  
Intrepid and true ;  
The bulwark surrounding  
The Red, White and Blue.”

## RESPONSE BY

Capt. H. H. Thomas, U. S. Vols.

Born and reared in the shadow of the Green Mountains, my boyish imagination was early fired by reading the daring deeds of Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys, which Thompson has woven into such attractive shape in the pages of his romance, and the taking of Ticonderoga in the name of “the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress,” was one of our favorite school games; but as I grew older, in the piping times of peace, and the June training and the October muster became obsolete, the martial spirit died out. My first acquaintance with the American volunteer was in the person of a few veterans of the Mexican war. I need not say that this was not a popular war in my native state, and that the F. F. V's (first families of Vermont) represented in that army could have been counted on one's fingers. Our delegation was composed of citizens who could easily be spared, and it was fondly hoped they would remain in the Halls of the Montezumas when they got there, but they didn't belong to the class of the unreturning brave, and most of them found their way back, minus a leg or arm, plus a highly cultivated appetite for whiskey, which



they gratified on all possible occasions. They were held up to us as awful examples, and the warlike spirit which was our heritage had degenerated till we echoed Lowell's sentiments, expressed in the famous Bigelow papers, viz :

“ Ez fer war, I call it murder,—  
There you hev it plain an' flat ;  
I don't want to go no further  
Than my Testyment for that ;  
God hez sed so plump and fairly,  
It's ez long ez it is broad,  
An' you've gut to git up airyly  
Ef you want to take in God.

“ 'Taint your eppyletts an' feathers  
Make the thing a grain more right ;  
'Taint a follerin' your bell wethers,  
Will excuse ye in His sight ;  
Ef you take a sword an' dror it,  
An go stick a feller thru,  
Guv'ment aint to answer for it,  
God'll send the bill to you.”

but when the venerable Ruffin, at Charleston, in the spring of 1861, “fired the shot heard round the world,” the Green Mountain Boys sprang to arms and showed themselves worthy sons of heroic sires.

In the fall of 1861, I entered the Adjutant-General's office in Washington, and enjoyed rare opportunities for making the acquaintance of the American volunteer and studying his characteristics. I saw the sons of New England and the middle states, not only artisans and farmers, but professional men (colleges and academies furnishing their full quotas), as they went pouring by thousands through the streets of the capital and melting away into the canvas cities which stretched for miles on either side

of the Potomac. As illustrating the personnel of these regiments, I recollect, when campaigning in Kentucky in 1863, the regiment to which I belonged was destitute of a chaplain, and a Massachusetts regiment lying near us, sent us four candidates from the non-commissioned officers of one company, all thoroughly equipped graduates of colleges and theological seminaries. The west sent its thousands of sturdy lumbermen, mechanics and farmers, men of muscle and brawn, not quite so much culture, or perhaps so amenable to discipline as their eastern comrades, but they afterwards, many of them, graduated in the ranks of Sherman's historic bummers, and participated in the march to the sea.

The first time I saw a great number of troops together was at McClellan's review of the army of the Potomac, in December, 1861, and, to my inexperienced eye, it seemed an invincible array. That gorgeous staff of French princes, and other distinguished foreigners, and native magnates, impressed me as capable of compelling the surrender of any right feeling enemy. No thought of the impending disasters of the peninsular swamps or of Fredericksburg darkened the brilliant pageant, and the thousands of admiring spectators returned to Washington with the conviction that at last the hour and the man had come, and that McClellan had only to hurl these columns upon Lee and crush out the young rebellion.

Perhaps the most striking characteristic of the western volunteer was his individuality. Nothing can better illustrate this than an instance that occurred under my own observation, in one of the last battles of the war, known as the battle of Kinston, N. C. One of the brigades in the command of Gen. S. P. Carter, upon whose

staff I served, was composed exclusively of convalescents, left behind by Sherman when he cut loose from Atlanta and started on his march to the sea. They had been ordered to North Carolina to meet their respective commands, and were temporarily serving in a provisional division. In this particular brigade there were representatives of one hundred and eighteen regiments. Gen. Hoke, flushed with his victory over Wessells, was in our front, and pressing us hard. We felt apprehensive as to the conduct of this brigade, away from their commanders and comrades, fighting on their own hook, as it were, but when the attack came, no part of our line fought with steadier courage. Every man seemed to feel that he held in his hands the honor of his company, and fought like a hero. No equal number of troops ever fought more gallantly, and Hoke's signal defeat was largely their work.

For several months after entering the field, I was identified with a class of volunteers who deserve special mention—the East Tennessee refugees. Stimulated by no prospect of high bounties, they had taken their lives in their hands, and fled through swamps and mountains, chased by the bloodhounds or more savage guerrillas, sacrificing everything held most dear for an opportunity to be led against the enemies of the government, which Brownlow, Maynard and Johnson had taught them to love. Simple hearted, like all mountaineers, passionately attached to their homes, they chafed under the delay necessary to organize a force prepared to march to their deliverance. They did not take very kindly to discipline, and the distinction between officer and private was not as strongly marked as it might have been. Ludicrous stories were current in neighboring camps of the free and easy

style in which privates discussed with their officers orders which were not agreeable to them, but if there was fighting to be done, they could always be counted on, and as sharp-shooters and skirmishers, they were unsurpassed. The dangers encountered in their passage over the Cumberland mountains, which formed the theme of many a stirring tale around the camp fires, had admirably fitted them for this service, and I shall never forget the hallelujahs they shouted when Burnside started for their beloved East Tennessee.

No sketch of the American volunteer would be complete that did not mention that most peculiarly American type in whose behoof the great contest was waged — those happy, childlike wards of the Nation, the descendants of Ham! With them, soldiering seemed an eternal picnic! What fine material they made, when disciplined and properly commanded, let Fort Wagner, Milliken's Bend and Nashville testify. The senseless prejudice that for years failed to utilize such resources, was a reproach to the Nation.

Courtesy to a fallen foe leads us to pay the tribute of our admiration to those *involuntary* volunteers, who wore the gray — for whom no grateful country throws wide open the doors of its treasury, and upon whose ears no such words as "back-pay," or "equalization of bounties," ever fall. Truly they were foemen worthy of our steel! and their unavailing valor was worthy of a better cause. It is our glory that we saved them from themselves. God grant that no such sight may ever again be witnessed as American volunteers fighting under different banners. One of the great compensations for all the waste of blood and treasure in the Titanic conflict, is found in the newly

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awakened spirit of nationality, of which the starry flag is the living emblem. Should it ever again float over a battlefield, we cherish the belief, that the victorious legions fighting under its folds, made up of all these heterogeneous elements, fused in one grand mass, and led by such captains as Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, could successfully face a world in arms.

## EIGHTH TOAST,

"The Armies of the East."

"How they charged 'mid shot and shell,  
How they bore aloft the banner;  
How they conquered, how they fell."

## RESPONSE BY

Maj. Gen. Huntington W. Jackson, U. S. Vols.

If in a word you would know how the Eastern armies charged and conquered, go to the capital of every loyal state, east and west, and look upon the carefully guarded, and, though tattered, all the more eloquent, emblems there presented and the long roll of victories inscribed upon their folds. If you would know how its soldiers fell, go into every northern graveyard, in city or hamlet, and behold for yourselves; or look upon the voiceless marble, the silent graves and long and significant trenches upon the heights of Arlington and Gettysburgh where the soldiers of eighteen loyal states fought their last battle and now sleep their last sleep. Even then one-half of the story has not been told. If you would know more, ask of those soldiers whose early laurels, splendidly won on western fields, were kept fresh and green by eastern victories. Ask Grant to tell you of his army as it marched by the left flank from the Wilderness, past Petersburg to Appomattox, and then crowned its career by strangling the serpent of Rebellion. Ask of our distinguished and illustrious guest to tell you of the swift rally and brilliant charge in the Shenandoah, where he dashed down the line "mid a storm of huzzas," and

how like a cloud he rolled round the rebel right flank at Five Forks.

Before the echoes of Sumter's guns had died away, the nation had sprung to arms. The fires of patriotism illuminated hill and valley, and the response to the call of the President was quick and grand. Upon the banks of the historic Potomac there gathered with proud steps, spangled banners, glistening bayonets and martial music, not only the sturdy backwoodsman of Maine, and the hardy Green Mountain boy, not only the merchant from his counting room, and the student from the classic shades of Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth and Princeton, not only the artisan who had laid aside his tools, and the lawyer who had surrendered his brief, not only volunteer and regular, but there also came from where we were told the star of Empire took its way—from the broad, blooming prairies, magnificent regiments of equally determined men, representing every western state east of the Mississippi; regiments which proved in many a desperate struggle that they were worthy of being brothers to the heroes of Murfreesboro, Vicksburg, Chattanooga and Atlanta. Of such was the composition of the Army of the Potomac. Every northern and western state had her sons within its ranks and watched them with tender care and solicitude. From an army composed of such material—an army educated, intelligent, self-sacrificing and loving freedom, like their Revolutionary sires; animated by the purest feelings of patriotism and love of country, believing that their government was conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal, and that such government was the government of a nation and not of a confederacy; believing too that the rebellion that had



been inaugurated was wicked and without cause, and that its leaders were solely influenced by selfish ambition and a determination to perpetuate the curse of slavery, I say that from such a noble body of men it is not surprising, it would have been surprising had it been otherwise, that through the long four years, whether stricken down by the poisonous malaria from Chickahominy swamps, whether the victim of political intrigue, for, as has been said, when politics enter an army strategy retires; whether the victim of incompetency or unseemly jealousies, or whether baffled or overcome, its ardor was unquenched and its singleness of purpose unchanged.

While it did not always win victories, it was never conscious of defeat. Though led by many commanders, it was always obedient and true. Impressed with the magnitude and formidable character of the struggle, it only asked for a man to lead it. In time its organization, discipline and equipment in all the departments of service became almost perfect, for the jealousies finally disappeared, and the political gangrene sloughed off. The importance of Washington, the establishment of the rebel capital at Richmond, and the designs of the enemy upon the very heart of the nation, turned the eyes not only of the country, but of the civilized world to the state upon whose soil there were destined to wage the most sanguinary and hotly contested battles known in history.

Before the close of the war the fields of Virginia had been whitened with the bones and enriched by the blood of tens of thousands of unreturning braves.

Almost every foot of ground within its borders had been the scene of fierce strife, for opposed to the army



of the Potomac was the flower of the South, strong and confident, led by Lee, Stonewall Jackson and Longstreet, aided by a corps of bold lieutenants.

From its very organization the Army of the Potomac encountered unforeseen difficulties. Its proximity to Washington was an element of weakness. The slightest movement could scarcely be made without publicity and the fact reported by sympathizing friends to the enemy. Until near the close of the war the influences of the capital operated unfavorably in many ways, sometimes in embarrassing the freedom of action of its commanders and compelling them to undertake movements which their better judgment disproved, and again in encouraging subordinates to condemn, even within the doors of the White House, the campaigns of their superiors.

But for the Army of the Potomac as an army no apology is needed, no explanations are necessary—none are offered. As time rolls its ceaseless course, its history grows brighter and brighter; we can see it now, that grand body of veterans in its onward, patient, loyal march, keeping step to the music of the Union.

On an occasion like this it is impossible to more than mention its principal achievements. While the personal experiences of many are being recorded in printed pages, and the press has recently given to the public the story of McClellan on the Peninsula, the army under Pope, the battle of Antietam, Fredericksburgh, Chancellorsville, and the three days' carnage at Gettysburgh, there is more remaining untold, and as the bitter memories fade away, and one by one its actors join the great and silent majority, the future historian will then impartially write of its exploits, heroism and undaunted courage.

Rich will be the material from which he can draw to adorn the pages of his story in prose or verse. Grand and attractive will be the lives there portrayed, and while he can not picture a march to the sea, the storming of mountains and the opening of great rivers, still he can tell of a patriotism no greater but as great as that in any army, and of examples as glorious as those of any army, for future generations to follow.

He can there tell of the gallant one-armed Kearney, superbly mounted, with sword in hand and reins between his teeth, through shot and shell leading his Jersey Brigade against the rebel lines at Williamsburgh; of grand and ever true John Sedgwick, more like "the Rock of Chickamauga," George H. Thomas, than any other man I ever knew; of dashing and brave Reynolds falling in the first hour of battle on Seminary Ridge at Gettysburgh, while marshalling his Pennsylvania regiments, to repel the invasion of his and their native state; of Vincent, the hero at Round Top, whose heart, just before darkness closed his eyes forever, was made glad by the electric flash from Washington announcing that the government had rewarded him for his gallantry and changed his eagle to a star; of young Cushing just graduated from West Point, and of whom it is written that when mortally wounded, holding on to his intestines with one hand and with the other aiding in pushing his only remaining gun further to the front, he cried out: "Webb, I will give them one more shot," and as the shot mowed through Pickett's advancing column, fell dying at his post; of the Wisconsin Iron Brigade, fitly named, and their brave companions at Fredericksburgh,

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“ Orders arrived, and the river they crossed,  
Orders they heard and they scaled the heights,”

Under a murderous fire and with terrible loss; of the  
stanch old Sixth Corps storming and carrying Marye's  
Heights; of Meade, of Hooker, of Wadsworth, and Buford,  
and Custer, and a host of other heroes. But I will add  
no more.

“ On fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead.”

## NINTH TOAST,

"The Armies of the West."

They subdued fortresses deemed impregnable, and vanquished armies asserted invincible.

## RESPONSE BY

*Wbt.-Brig.-Gen. Joseph B. Leake, U. S. Vols.*

MR. PRESIDENT : The armies of the West. The language of the toast is their history reduced to its briefest terms. The theater of their operations extended from the north line of Missouri to the centre of North Carolina, over which they swept, conquering all armed opposition in every rebellious state but one. The position of the loyal states of the West, in reference to the military movements, was very different from that of the Eastern states, supplied from the greater population and military resources of the East. The great Eastern army had but a short line from about Harper's Ferry to Alexandria, along which there was danger of attack, and its aggressive movements carried it but a short distance from Potomac to Petersburg. The states of the West were vulnerable along the whole line from the pan-handle of Virginia to the northwest corner of Missouri,—while the West sent its volunteers to that grand army which has carved the record of its mighty deeds upon every field from Gettysburgh to Appomattox, who shared in its dangers, struggles and triumphs, from the hero in the serried ranks to him in the highest command,—it had the additional honor of sending forth the other invincible armies of men, who assaulted the rebellion along the whole line

from Phillippi and Rich Mountain, to Booneville and Val Verde, and advancing in concentrating lines—finally consolidated and swept across to the gulf and around by the sea—capturing and scattering the forces, cutting the communications, destroying the resources, and paralyzing the whole body of treason, made it possible to inflict the death stroke upon the fields of Virginia. It was an army of the West which in the beginning drove the enemy from West Virginia, saved that new State to the Union and advanced McClellan to the general command of the Armies of the United-States. It was a little Western army, under the leadership of Canby, that, at the battle of Val Verde saved the territories from rebel invasion and capture.

It was with an army of the West that Lyon held the arsenals and city of St. Louis, chased the rebel government of Missouri across the state, boldly advanced, assaulted and staggered four times its number at Wilson's Creek; a rebel army was defeated and driven from the field at Pea Ridge, and abandoned the state.

Later, in December, 1862, another rebel army under Hindman, organized to obtain possession of the extreme West, was met, attacked, defeated and effectually dispersed by the army of the frontier, of greatly inferior numbers, whereby the country west of the Mississippi and north of the Arkansas rivers was permanently saved from further serious hostilities. An army of the West gathered in mid-winter around Fort Donelson, and regardless of the inclemency of the season, invested, assaulted and captured the fortification and all its defenders, thereby opening the rivers and advancing the whole line to the centre of Tennessee. It fought its way down the Mississippi river,

floundered through swamps, attacked unattainable heights, then abandoning all communications penetrated to the rear of its enemy, fought and won battles to the right and left, scattered one force, invested another in the works of Vicksburg, impenetrable to assault, and by patient siege again captured the entire army opposed to it. The great river was opened to the sea and the territory of the rebellion cut in twain, leaving all west of the river harmless for further aggression.

It was an army of the West that penetrated the heart of the confederacy, and fought its way to Chattanooga, and there gathering force and joining hand with heroes from the East, drove the enemy from fortified heights above the clouds at Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain.

It was an army of the West which flanked and fought its way through mountain passes to Atlanta, and "marching through Georgia," threaded the swamps, and, carrying Fort Mac Allister by storm, opened the gates to the sea and welcomed the ships to long-hoped for anchorage and rest; then swinging to the north, it compelled the enemy to run from the boastful little city, which had fired the first hostile gun upon the flag it hoped to dishonor, and over which the "swamp angel" had so long boomed his wrathful defiance in vain.

It was an army of the West which gathered in haste at Nashville, and scattered as spray the reflux wave of rebellion, which surged and broke at the base of the still immovable "rock of Chickamauga."

It was an army of the West which, on the day the army of Northern Virginia laid down its arms, carried by assault Spanish Fort and Fort Blakely and opened the har-

bor of Mobile to the Gulf. Before the death knell of treason had sounded at Appomattox the armies of the West had finished their course,—not an uncaptured fortress frowned across their path, not an unvanquished army halted in their front. From the Missouri to the Rio Grande; from the Ohio to the Gulf and around and up by the sea, over hundreds of miles of weary road, through miry swamps, across rivers desperately defended, and over obstructed mountain heights, they marched, waded, swam and scaled, ever pursuing, ever striking, until the “last armed foe had expired.” As the years fly by, and eyes grow dim and the natural force abates, may not the veteran of the armies of the West, as he draws near the banquet board, be pardoned if his heart beats more proudly with the thought that when he recalls the past and “shoulders his crutch,” he has only to “tell how fields were won”?

## TENTH TOAST,

"The Last War and the Next."

"I have noticed that the men who are so 'ready to shed the last drop of blood' are usually very careful about their first."—  
DAVID CROCKETT.

## RESPONSE BY

First Lt. Samuel Appleton, U. S. Vols.

The response to this toast was to have been given by Bvt.-Brig.-Gen. I. N. Stiles, U. S. Vols., but, at the last moment, he was unavoidably called away, and Lieut. Appleton responded. His speech was in his usual fine and witty style, but being made on the spur of the moment, without notes, he has been unable to furnish a copy for publication.



## ELEVENTH TOAST

## "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

"For ye, sae douce, ye smile at this,  
Ya'er naught but senseless asses O!  
The wisest man the world e're saw  
He dearly loved the lasses O!"

## RESPONSE BY

Major Wm. Eliot Furness, U. S. Vols.

## THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

" 'Give us a song,' the soldiers cried,  
The outer trenches guarding,  
While the heated guns of the camps allied  
Grew weary of bombarding.

They lay along the batteries' side,  
Below the slumbering cannon;  
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,  
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame,  
Forgot was Britain's glory;  
Each heart recalled a different name,  
But all sang 'Annie Laurie.'

Voice after voice caught up the song,  
Until its tender passion  
Swelled like an anthem, rich and strong,  
Their battle eve's confession.

Dear girl! Her name he dared not speak;  
But as the song grew louder,  
Something upon the soldier's cheek  
Washed off the stain of powder.

And once again a fire of hell  
Rained on the Russian quarters,  
'Mid scream of shot and burst of shell,  
And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Norah's eyes are dim,  
For a singer dumb and gory;  
And English Mary mourns for him,  
Who sang of Annie Laurie.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned  
The bloody sunset's embers;  
While the Crimean valleys learned  
How English love remembers.

Ah! soldiers, to your honored rest,  
Your truth and valor bearing;  
The bravest are the tenderest,  
The loving are the daring."

COMRADES, COMPANIONS: Who of us does not remember, when the call to arms rang through the land in the spring of '61, how the enthusiasm was sustained and exalted by the mothers, wives and daughters of the North? "Return with your shield or on your shield," said the Spartan mother to her sons; and not less heroic were the Christian women of America in the hour of their country's need, in encouraging their fathers, husbands and sons to do their duty to the land they loved, and to which they owed their all.

While we were hurrying to the field, or standing in the fight for right and country, our loved ones at home, in farm-house, village and city, were suffering in silence, following us with prayer, and ready to receive us with their smiles and blessings when, in God's good time, we should return.

Their faith sustained us, and their love and care was poured out upon us through all the hardships and dangers of our campaigns. Their hands tended us when wounded, smoothed our pillows when in sickness, and soothed the last hours of the heroes whose lives were given to their country.

Think of the photographs of the loved one *you*, and *you*, and *you*, each carried next your heart during the wild charge or the grim stand, out on the lonely picket line, in the trenches of Vicksburg or Petersburg, on the fields of Shiloh, Franklin, Gettysburgh or the Wilderness, on the march to the sea, at the passage of the forts below New Orleans, at Mobile Bay or Port Royal; in the disheartening defeat and the long retreat. How surely we knew those eyes would gladden to welcome us, those lips would reward us, when, if ever, we returned, and how the thought moved us to do that *duty* which we knew we owed our country, and which was to make it a land worth living in, as it was already, in our love for it, a land worth dying for.

We may well feel that we were privileged to be allowed to fight under the glorious flag, and do our share, as men, for our country in the hours of her trial in 1861, 62, 63, 64 and 65. But let us never forget to award all praise to the girls we left behind us for what they, too, did in that great crisis; for the devotion with which they suffered and waited and watched and prayed, sustaining our patriotism by their pure love, and faith in the ultimate success in the cause, and doing their part in hospital and home throughout the land to alleviate the sufferings we had to endure, while their own hearts were bleeding with fears and sorrows, which we could not lighten or relieve.

God bless the girls we left behind us.

The list of Regular Toasts being completed, the Presiding Officer then announced the Volunteer Toasts :

FIRST VOLUNTEER TOAST, "The Cavalry."

RESPONSE BY

Colonel C. Hyle Dickey, U. S. Vols.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND COMRADES: The toast announced is "The Cavalry." I don't know that I can say anything of interest about "The Cavalry." I might suggest that, with the advance of improvement in the guns of the infantry and of the artillery, the use of "The Cavalry" *proper* has become well nigh obsolete.

So long as the musketry of the enemy was harmless, except at short range, the saber charge — the use of Cavalry proper — could be made effective. Cavalry then could flank the artillery, approach the infantry at leisure, and when near-by, could make the short, fierce dash, in a line unbroken, with horses fresh and strong, exposed to but one volley; and by its mere momentum, the movement was irresistible. But now, with long range, breech-loading muskets in the hands of infantry, the saber charge must be a long run, encountering three or four volleys of musketry, reaching the objective point in a broken line, upon well blown and exhausted steeds. Such a charge necessarily lacks one essential, *sudden, concentrated force*, — momentum.

It was near two years after the war began, before this lesson was learned. We learned to mass cavalry in large

bodies, to rely chiefly upon the carbine ; to dismount for the fight ; and to use the horses merely as a means of rapid transit to the field of action.

Perhaps no better illustration need be sought, of the uselessness of cavalry proper in modern battle, than is found in the incidents of the battle of Shiloh. We had not then learned to pit cavalry on foot, against infantry. At the beginning of that fight General Grant's army on field, by the morning reports of the preceding day, was less than thirty thousand, "fit for duty." Of that number, some four or five thousand of infantry had received their first muskets within a week ; and some three thousand were cavalry, untaught in the art of fighting infantry. Aside from the service of arresting retreating stragglers from the infantry and returning them into action, the cavalry were little more than observers of the battle on that day.

By the way, some events of that day are again the subject of discussion and dispute. It has been said that "our army was surprised," on the morning of that battle. If, by this, it is meant *merely*, that the battle was not expected to occur on that day, I think the statement is true. If, however, it is meant, that by reason of the unexpected character of the assault, our forces were taken at a disadvantage, when unprepared for the fight, I am warranted from personal knowledge in saying *the statement is untrue*.

Our army, on the ground, consisted of five divisions, and our camps were on the west side of the Tennessee river, just above the mouth of Snake creek, and lay in the form of a V, with the river on our left and Snake creek on our right and rear. Smith's Division (com-

manded by Gen. W. H. L. Wallace) was at the point of the V, just above the mouth of Snake creek and near Pittsburgh Landing. In front of this division lay Hurlbut's division (on the left and near the river), and McClermand's division (on the right and further to the front). In front of these divisions were Sherman (on the right) and Prentiss (on the left). Sherman and Prentiss thus constituted our front. These camps lay about a mile apart, and Ross's brigade (from McClermand) occupied a position between Sherman and Prentiss. My command was cavalry, and was part of Sherman's division, and my camp was on his extreme left and front.

It was known, Saturday evening (April 5, 1862), that the enemy was in our front in some force; and I was ordered to have my command in the saddle, at daylight, Sunday morning, to go forward and discover the extent and movements of the enemy. At daylight, Sunday morning, my command was ready to mount. Very soon, and before we got started to the front, the battle began, by an attack upon Prentiss, at least a mile to the left of my position, and in front of his color line. I distinctly heard the long-roll beat in Prentiss' camp, and afterward heard the first heavy firing of the battle, and from the course I think it was about half a mile in front of Prentiss' camp. Very soon after this, the enemy appeared in force in front of Sherman,— but Sherman's whole line was under arms and in line of battle and ready for action at least fifteen minutes before the enemy came in sight. I therefore assert that every man in our whole army had ample time to put himself in fighting attitude before he saw an enemy.

Prentiss was soon driven back. He fell back obliquely

to the right, leaving his camp to his left. It has been asserted that soldiers, in Prentiss' camp, were bayoneted in their tents before they had time to arm or even dress. It may be, that some laggards in his camp, who failed to respond to the long-roll and remained in camp, while their comrades went to the front, met death in their tents, and unarmed, as the right of the enemy swept through Prentiss' camp. Otherwise the story has no foundation in fact.

Again, it has been charged that Grant was tardy in reaching the field, and in a condition unfit to command when he did come. I saw General Grant on the field early in the day, and I think it was before nine o'clock. He was self-possessed and active, and to me seemed in the full exercise of all his faculties. I saw him at other times through the day and talked with him. The only indication in his appearance of anything unusual, was found in the fact that he smoked his cigar with a little more vigor than common. The perfection of method by which every part of the army was so promptly brought into action, each in the best possible position, repels absolutely the idea of a want of the supervising control of the mind of a master.

Sherman's left was driven back and to the right. McClernand's division occupied this opening. Smith's division (under W. H. L. Wallace) closed the gap between McClernand and Prentiss, and Hurlbut's division was pushed forward into line to the left of Prentiss. By ten o'clock every regiment of our army that would fight was in this line and in active battle. That line thus formed was held with slight variation and without material change, *for hours*, against vastly superior numbers.



The fighting was terrible. Batteries were taken and retaken repeatedly, on the same ground. All this was not accident. Combinations such as this do not come by chance. They are necessarily the result of a contriving mind acting with a purpose.

Again, it has been said that Prentiss was captured early in the day. This I personally know to be untrue. Late in the afternoon, and I think after four o'clock, at the left of the division commanded by Gen. W. H. L. Wallace, and not far from the right of Prentiss' division, I saw General Prentiss, and heard him and Wallace talking with each other. There was, at that time, a lull in the firing on that part of the field; as we talked, and very soon the firing in front of Prentiss' command became active. Wallace said: "Prentiss, I fear you will have some hot work there." Prentiss galloped toward his command saying, "I think so." Wallace rode slowly to the right along his line, and I galloped off to my regiment. In less than an hour after this, I heard that Wallace was killed and Prentiss was a prisoner.

I think more lies have been told about that battle, and *honestly believed and repeated*, than about any other battle of the war. The thousands of raw troops, who in panic fled from the field to the Landing at the river, I doubt not, believed our whole army was destroyed, and they alone had escaped. The first news of the battle reached the outside world from the Landing, through correspondents who got their first impressions at the Landing. General Buell's fine army that arrived in the evening of the first day got their first impressions of Grant's army at the Landing; and no doubt regarded the terrified mob found there, fit samples of Grant's command. The



soldiers who actually fought the first day's fight and did not see the Landing, were not heard from until after the first impressions were engraven upon the public mind.

I have wandered from the subject of the toast. I hope you will excuse the digression. I am glad, while I still have a sound mind and a retentive memory, to have an opportunity to bear my testimony upon this subject before such an audience. Thanking you for your attention, I say, good-night.

## SECOND VOLUNTEER TOAST.

"The Sutler."

## RESPONSE BY

First, Martin J. Russell, U. S. Vols.

I feel more like a conscript than a volunteer. It was the great Napoleon's method to assign conscripts to skeleton veteran regiments, the quicker to accustom this raw material to the discipline of camp and the dangers of battle. In an engagement, a victim of the draft thus placed was observed by his grim companions, the unsung heroes of a hundred campaigns, to tremble and grow pale. They twitted him with his manifest fear. He retorted, "I *am* afraid, and if you were half as afraid as I, you would run away." If the comrades were as frightened by a call for a speech as I am, they, too, would run away.

If any of them had ever marched up to the mouth of a cannon, and I fancy from some hints dropped to-night that they have, they would understand me when I say that I meet this occasion with even more trepidation than I have ever heard the sound of hostile cannon. Of this sutler, whose praises I am suddenly called upon to sing, and whose merits as a mainstay of our armies in times that tried men's stomachs, demand an eloquent tongue, not mine. What would I say, what could I say more than was said in his own behalf by the Arkansas volunteer, who loved the companionship of the baggage wagons more than the roar of battle, and, though a brave fellow enough at a tankard, had no stomach for a fight? It was this wagon warrior's good fortune to be hurt by an igno-

ble mule, or other terrible projectile not sent by the enemy, and upon the strength of the injury so sustained he was allowed a furlough. It was his delight to wear his laurels at the cross-roads grocery, and there catch that hero's reward, the casual drink. One day a stranger inquired of this limping loiterer where he was wounded. "Whar was I wounded?" he exclaimed. "Whar was I wounded? You damn fool, go read the history of your country!" If comrades would know anything about the great deeds of the sutler, let them not call upon me but turn to the pages of history. I have nothing more to say for the sutler than to promise that should the republic again become imperiled, he would be found as near the front as it would be profitable for him to go.

Having finished the several toasts and responses, both regular and volunteer, the Presiding Officer read a number of letters and telegrams of regret from absent guests and companions, among which were the following:

NEW YORK, Feb. 9, 1882.

WILLIAM E. STRONG,

*Dear Sir*,—Will not be able to be present on March 6.

U. S. GRANT.

FREMONT, O., January 27, 1882.

*Gentlemen*,—I regret that I am unable to attend the dinner to be given to Gen. Sheridan by the Illinois Commandery of the Loyal Legion. \* \*

It is one of my cherished recollections that I was permitted during the valley campaign to serve under a general whose rare good fortune it is to have a military record so inspiring and brilliant and at the same time so solid and enduring as that of Gen. Sheridan.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

GEN. W. E. STRONG and others, Committee.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 19, 1882.

GEN. WM. E. STRONG,

*My Dear Friend*,—I regret extremely my inability to attend the proposed dinner to Gen. Sheridan. Wishing you may have a good time, I am

Very respectfully, JNO. A. LOGAN.

The formal part of the banquet having been concluded, the members for some time longer entertained themselves by singing many old army songs.





"Sheridan at Five Forks."

PART II.

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1883.





PRESIDING AT THE BANQUET,  
GEN. WM. E. STRONG,  
JUNIOR VICE-COMMANDER.

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BANQUET COMMITTEE.

PAYMASTER HORATIO L. WAIT, *Chairman*.

BVT.-BRIG.-GEN. ARTHUR C. DUCAT.

BVT.-MAJ. HENRY A. HUNTINGTON.

BVT.-BRIG.-GEN. JOSEPH STOCKTON.

CAPT. SIMEON H. CRANE.

BVT.-BRIG.-GEN. WM. E. STRONG.



MILITARY ORDER  
OF THE  
LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES,

Commandery of the State of Illinois,

TO

Lieut.-Gen. Philip H. Sheridan,

UNITED STATES ARMY.



\* DINNER \*

*March 6, 1883.*

Union League Club House,  
CHICAGO.



SHERIDAN'S MARCH.  
(Composed for the occasion.)

---

M E N U .

Oysters on the half shell.

Clear Soup.

Fillet of Whitefish with Tartar Sauce.

Potatoes. Cucumbers.

Tenderloin of Beef.

Mushrooms. Truffles. Green Peas. Spinach.

Sweetbreads, Larded.

Sliced Tomatoes.

Maraschino Punch.

Jack Snipe.

Lettuce Salad.

Cheese.

Crackers.

Celery

Fruit.

Coffee

## TOASTS.

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FIRST TOAST, . . . . "OUR COMMANDER."

"The substance of ten thousand soldiers."

"We are off on a raid  
And who is afraid  
So long as we have gallant Phil,  
On his good black steed  
To show us the lead,  
As to Richmond he surely will?"

Response by LIEUT.-COL. HUNTINGTON W. JACKSON.

Music—"Hail to the chief!"

SECOND TOAST, . . . . "THE FEDERAL UNION,"

It has been preserved.

Response by GEN. JOSEPH B. LEAKE.

Music—"The Union Forever."

THIRD TOAST, . . . . "THE ARMY."

Its muster-roll is shorter than the list of its achievements.

Response by MAJOR WM. ELIOT FURNESS.

Chicago Quartette—"On to the charge."

FOURTH TOAST, . . . . "THE NAVY."

"Don't give up the ship(s)."

Response by SURGEON JAMES NEVINS HYDE.

Music—"Red, White and Blue."

FIFTH TOAST, . . . . "THE HEROES OF THE SHENANDOAH."

"We fought EARLY from daylight until between six and seven o'clock.  
\* \* \* We just sent them whirling through Winchester."

Response by CAPT. EPHRAIM A. OTIS.

Chicago Quartette—"Fight Early."

SIXTH TOAST, . . . . "THE FALLEN."

"But whether on the scaffold high,  
Or in the battle's van,  
The fittest place where man can die  
Is where he dies for man."

Recitation, "Just Eleven," by LIEUT.-COL. TAYLOR P. RUNDLET.

Chicago Quartette—"The Knight's Farewell."

## TOASTS.

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SEVENTH TOAST, . . . . "THE LOYAL LEGION."

Child of the Cincinnati.

Response by LIEUT. MARTIN J. RUSSELL.

Chicago Quartette—"Comrades in Arms."

EIGHTH TOAST, . . . . "THE VOLUNTEERS."

"Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments."

Response by GEN. JOHN L. BEVERIDGE.

Music—"Tramp, tramp, tramp."

NINTH TOAST, . . . . "THE FOOT SOLDIER."

From bills to bayonets, from bows to breech loaders,—  
The bulwark of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Response by GEN. I. N. STILES.

Chicago Quartette—"Marching through Georgia."

TENTH TOAST, . . . . "HORSE AND ARTILLERY."

Naked without one, armies would be sightless without the other

Response by LIEUT. R. S. TUTHILL.

Chicago Quartette—"Soldier's March."

ELEVENTH TOAST, . . . . "SWEETHEARTS OF '61."

"Tout pour elle;  
Rien sans elle—  
Mais qui est elle?"

Response by MAJOR HENRY A. HUNTINGTON.

Chicago Quartette—"The Lovers."

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## VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

( NEW. )

## SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

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Some one has framed in battle hymn  
The story of his angry ride  
With spur deep driven in charger's side.  
Bays for the poet who sweetly sings !  
But this is the way a war song rings !

Hurry, Phil. Sheridan !  
Ride ! With speed !  
Race with the wind,  
Out-gallop the river  
To the columns thinned  
And the lines in a shiver !

Ride ! for the gleam of your fortunate star  
Will rekindle hope in the valley afar.  
Ride ! lest confusion your way shall bar,  
Like a storm-tossed drift of cordage and spar  
Ride ! or the glory just born of the war  
Will bleed by bullet or be marred as by scar.

Coming is Sheridan.  
Hot ! Wild !  
A speck on the hill,  
A shadow far flying,  
Incarnated will,  
Disaster defying !

Coming ! where threaten, like cataract's roar,  
The surging hosts which like wild waves pour.  
Coming ! where shocks of the lightning tore  
The oak behind and the pine before.  
Coming ! though fiends from the fiery shore  
Array in his path the furies of yore.

Hurry, O Sheridan.  
Ride ! Hasten !  
Rowel the steed  
Till his wild hoofs rattle !  
Yonder they bleed  
In the storm of battle !

Ride ! or your flags in the valley will fall,  
Torn by the bayonets, riddled with ball !  
Ride ! or the ranks that have answered your call  
Will famish and die in bondage and thrall !  
Ride ! or the smoke will wind in its pall  
Guns, cannon and flag, hope, glory and all !

Coming is Sheridan.  
Halt ! Form !  
His steed in a foam,  
At the front he is riding;  
The master in place is guiding !



Halt ! and the fear and the terror are dead,  
And they harden to heroes who hopelessly fled !  
Form ! and the front of the battle is spread  
Where the blood of the fallen this morning was shed !  
Charge ! and the foemen have fatally bled,  
And the sun that was clouded set splendid and red !

Glory for Sheridan !  
Name ! Fame !  
Bays for his brow,  
And stars for his shoulder ;  
Ne'er can we bow  
To warrior bolder !

Fame ! for the army he galloped to save  
From the bar of the prison, the mold of the grave;  
Fame ! for the nation; her banner he gave  
New radiance of freedom o'er mountain and wave;  
Fame ! for proving to oppressor and slave,  
That " the land of the free " is " the home of the brave " !

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## " FIGHT EARLY. "

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PHIL. SHERIDAN, down in the valley made  
A rule the " rebs " to soften;  
'Twas—" Out with the blade,  
Away with the spade;  
Fight EARLY, and fight often ! "

But " often " was not quite often enough  
To have things done up rarely;  
So he wrote, and said,  
" Have *this* order read: "  
'Twas, " Boys, fight late and EARLY. "

But " late " and " often " gave too many rests  
To clear the valley fairly;  
" They are not bad tests, "  
Thought PHIL.—" but the best's  
To whip the enemy EARLY. "

So he says, " No matter for hour or date:  
To use the foe up squarely  
Fight him early, late  
When we thrash him straight  
They'll admit we whipped him EARLY. "

## OFFICERS.

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### COMMANDER.

Lieut.-Gen. PHILIP H. SHERIDAN, U. S. A.

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### SENIOR VICE-COMMANDER.

Col. JOHN MASON LOOMIS.

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### JUNIOR VICE-COMMANDER.

Bvt.-Brig.-Gen. WM. E. STRONG.

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### RECORDER.

Capt. RICHARD ROBINS.

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### REGISTRAR.

Major WM. ELIOT FURNES.

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### TREASURER.

First Lieut. THOMAS C. EDWARDS.

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### CHANCELLOR.

Bvt.-Lieut.-Col. TAYLOR P. RUNDLET.

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### CHAPLAIN.

Chaplain ARTHUR EDWARDS.

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Bvt.-Brig.-Gen. JAMES W. FORSYTH, U. S. A.

Lieut.-Col. CHARLES W. DAVIS.

Paymaster HORATIO L. WAIT.

Capt. FRANCIS MORGAN

Capt. DAVID H. GILE.

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First Lieut. Samuel Appleton.	Capt. David H. Gile.
Second Lieut. Abbott L. Adams.	Bvt.-Lieut.-Col. James J. Hoyt.
Major William Appleton Amory.	Bvt.-Capt. Amos J. Harding.
First Lieut. Alfred T. Andreas.	Bvt.-Major Henry A. Huntington.
Bvt.-Brig.-Gen. Luther P. Bradley.	Pas'd Ass't Surg'n Jas. Nevins Hyde.
Capt. and Bvt.-Col. John L. Burleigh.	Major Gurdon S. Hubbard, Jr.
Bvt.-Maj. George T. Burroughs.	Bvt.-Major Daniel N. Holway.
Col. William L. Barnum.	Major and Surg. Andrew J. Hobart.
Major Samuel E. Barrett.	First Lieut. Charles F. Hills.
Col. Wesley Brainard.	Brig.-Gen. Martin D. Hardin.
First Lieut. David C. Bradley.	Capt. Henry W. B. Hoyt.
Capt. Edward A. Blodgett.	Bvt. Lieut. Col. Huntington W. Jackson
First Lieut. Charles T. Boal.	Bvt.-Major William L. B. Jenney.
Bvt.-Brig.-Gen. John L. Beveridge.	First Lieut. James H. Jenkins.
Bvt.-Maj.-Gen. Augustus L. Chetlain.	First Lieut. Deming Jarvis.
Bvt.-Maj.-Gen. John M. Corse.	Bvt.-Lieut.-Col. E. B. Knox.
First Lieut. Albert L. Coe.	Capt. Charles R. E. Koch.
Bvt.-Lieut. Col. Haswell C. Clarke.	Col. William B. Keeler.
Lieut. Col. John S. Cooper.	Col. John Mason Loomis.
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Bvt.-Maj. T. C. Clarke.	Bvt.-Brig.-Gen. Joseph B. Leake.
First Lieut. George Chandler.	Maj.-Gen. Mortimer D. Leggett.
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Lieut. Col. Charles W. Davis.	Capt. John T. McAuley.
First Lieut. George K. Dauchy.	Bvt.-Maj. George Mason.
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Bvt.-Brig.-Gen. James W. Forsyth.	First Lieut. Gurdon G. Moore.
Capt. George M. Farnham.	Major and Surgeon Charles W. Myers.
Gen. U. S. Grant.	First Lieut. Charles S. Millard.

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## FIRST CLASS.

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Major and Surgeon O. W. Nixon.	First Lieut. John W. Streeter.
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Bvt.-Brig.-Gen. I. N. Stiles.	Col. Nathan H. Walworth.
First Lieut J. J. Siddall.	Lieut.-Col. Arba N. Waterman.
Mr. George Watson Stevens.	First Lieut. Archibald Winne.

## SECOND CLASS.

First Lieut. Arthur C. Ducat, Jr., U. S. A.	Mr. Edwards Corse.
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## THIRD CLASS

Hon. E. B. Washburne.	Hon. Ezra B. McCagg.
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## TOASTS AND RESPONSES.

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The substantial part of the banquet having been finished the Presiding Officer, Bvt.-Brig.-Gen. Wm. E. Strong, Junior Vice-Commander, then announced the regular toasts of the evening:

FIRST TOAST,

"Our Commander."

"The substance of ten thousand soldiers,"

"We are off on a raid,  
And who is afraid,  
So long as we have gallant Phil,  
On his good black steed  
To show us the lead,  
As to Richmond he surely will?"

RESPONSE BY

Bvt.-Lt.-Col. Huntington W. Jackson, U. S. Vols.

In brotherly fellowship we have gathered around the banquet board this evening, to pay our tribute of honor to a distinguished soldier. The hearty and enthusiastic applause with which you have greeted his name testifies more eloquently than any language of mine, to the secure lodgment he has in your hearts. If you were asked how he had won that place, not only in yours, but in the hearts of every lover of his country, by what magic his name has been carved high upon the scroll of fame, why it is associated with all that is brave, loyal, gallant and victorious, you would reply, would you not, it was because of his brilliant, patriotic and successful career?

Success, when honorably won, is wherever seen beautiful and glorious. Failure is a disappointment, a broken column, an ugly ruin. It has been truly written "tis not in mortals to command success," but our guest has done more; he has deserved it, and thus deserving gained it. The most fascinating pages of history are those in which success is pictured. Its achievements compel admiration. They touch the finer chords of our nature. They inspire feelings akin to those we experience in gazing upon a lofty mountain, a magnificent cathedral, a beautiful landscape, or in listening to the grand strains of an oratorio. In the ancient days of Greece, the victor at the Olympian games was rewarded by a wreath of olives; composed only of leaves, it was yet deemed of priceless value, for the crowned hero was ever after distinguished. Poets sang of arms and the man and an admiring people raised his statue among the sacred groves of Olympia. In Rome, the General who gained a great victory was honored with a triumph—the highest military honor that could be rendered. The plunder captured from the enemy, the prisoners of war, music, flowers, incense, chariots, arches, and even the grave and dignified senators and magistrates, as the pageant moved on from Campus Martius to Capitoline Hill, all contributed their part to exalt the conqueror.

The success we celebrate is not the success that "makes fools admired and villains honest." It is not the success of accident, which bursts forth like a meteor and as suddenly disappears, leaving darkness behind. It is not that acquired by selfishness, that is tinged with envy or refuses to lend a helping hand. It is not created by cruel and bloody wars for dominion, by murder, treason, or trampling upon human rights. It is not the success of an Alex-

ander, who loved conquest only for its glory, and sought to be called the son of Jupiter; not of Cæsar, who defied the laws of his country to gain supreme control, and fell a victim of assassination; not of that remarkable man, Napoleon Bonaparte, who was finally declared an outlaw by the nations of Europe, and died a prisoner upon a rocky island of the Atlantic; but it is the success established upon morals, worth, courage, justice and honor. It is that which brings in its train generous blessings to mankind; that which in the trying days of the revolution characterized the fathers of the republic; that which twenty years ago broke the chains of slavery and reunited a divided country, and that which to-day is splendidly personified by the Lieutenant-General of the armies of the United States.

On this, the anniversary of his birth, it is well for us to pause and contemplate his career, and to cherish the example which it presents to us and to posterity. I shall indulge in no panegyric. His actions require none; they speak louder than trumpet-tongued words. Born among the hills of Ohio, in a state which has ever kept abreast with its sister free states in the march of progress, a state distinguished for statesmen, jurists and generals, who have with honor filled the highest offices in the government it is not remarkable that in the appreciation of the blessings of freedom, in loyalty and devotion to his country's cause, he should be the peer of any citizen in the land. At West Point, where he graduated in 1853; on frontier duty along the Rio Grande; scouting against the Indians in Washington Territory; complimented by General Scott for gallantry while defending the cascades of the Columbia River, he acquired that varied experience and military

discipline and knowledge which were so faithfully to serve him upon many a hard-fought field, and which were to gain for him imperishable renown. When treason raised her parricidal hand, and Sumter's walls were crumbled, and the flag of the Union lowered; when the indignant and mighty North solemnly resolved that the walls should be rebuilt, and the flag again flung to the breeze; while the contending hosts were being marshalled along the banks of the Potomac, and the sound of battle could be heard within the very walls of the Capitol, our commander, then a lieutenant of infantry, was stationed in the far-off territory of Oregon, patiently awaiting his summons to action. Truly "he was a youth to fortune and to fame unknown." The news of battle slowly penetrated that distant border, and doubt you not, that the spirit of him who was destined to be known as the Great Trooper chafed and was restless with restraint?

We see him now landing at New York in the melancholy days of November; then engaged in what must have been an uncongenial occupation, auditing claims; then a quartermaster and commissary in the Pea Ridge and Halleck's campaign in Mississippi. Whatever he undertook was well done; his time had not yet arrived, but it was soon to come. Unexpectedly, without political influence, without solicitation, by an inspiration almost, he was placed at the head of a cavalry regiment.

To the State of Michigan belongs the high distinction of trusting him and giving him an opportunity of striking sturdy blows for the Union, and so well did he repay this confidence that within thirty days from the time the eagle graced his shoulders, he was entitled to wear a star.

From his promotion to the colonelcy of the second



Michigan in May, 1862, dates that series of remarkable battles and victories with which his name will be indissolubly linked. Wherever he fought, whether in the west under Rosecrans or Thomas, whether at Stone River, or by moonlight scaling the heights of Missionary Ridge, whether in the East under Grant, or with an independent command, his single object was to defeat the foe. There was no thought of fame, he let that take care of itself. He was always the faithful soldier; unlike others, he never lost the road; the wagons never blocked his march. If the bridges were burnt, he made new ones. He was never accused of being slow, or of failing to come up. He wanted no better guide to direct his men than the sound of the enemy's guns.

Demosthenes defined eloquence to be action, action, action. Sheridan's definition of a General, judging from himself, must be energy, energy, energy. He was ceaseless in his vigilance, constantly studying the maps of the country, acquiring all the information possible of the strength, condition and movements of the enemy, and supplying the wants of his men. No soldiers were better equipped than his. Of recognized military skill, rich in resources and expedients, he was equal to any emergency. On the field, he was magnetic, cheerful and confident. Badeau describes him as the "incarnation of battle." The victories in the Shenandoah and around Petersburg read like the tales of romance. You recall how they electrified the North. We can imagine with what heartfelt joy the great and patient Lincoln, that noble character, burdened with the responsibilities of the nation, heard the welcome tidings. To him they must have seemed like the harbinger of peace. To the victorious General he telegraphed

September 10: "Have just heard of your splendid victory. God bless you all, officers and men." Again he tendered to him the thanks of the nation and his own personal admiration and gratitude for the splendid work of October 19, and again wrote that "for personal gallantry, military skill and just confidence in the courage and patriotism of your troops displayed by you at Cedar River, whereby under the blessings of Providence, your routed army was reorganized, a great national disaster avoided, and a brilliant victory achieved over the rebels for the third time, in pitched battle, within thirty days, you are appointed a Major-General in the United States army." Congress and many of the States also passed resolutions of thanks, "for achieving a series of victories which will shine resplendently in our military annals, with a lustre as enduring as history;" and Grant, the unselfish, undaunted soldier and patriot, telegraphed to Stanton that a salute of one hundred guns had been fired from each of the armies around Petersburg, in honor of the victory, and added "turning what bid fair to be a disaster into a glorious victory, stamps Sheridan what I have always thought of him, one of the ablest of Generals."

In the history of battles, the battle of Cedar Creek is unique—it stands out like a bas-relief; it has been celebrated in glowing verse. We can see him now—then only thirty-three years of age, riding furiously upon the demoralized field, both rider and horse covered with dust, rising in his stirrups, swinging his hat, shouting to his men to turn about, that they were not beaten; reforming the lines, and then with the force of a Niagara, sweeping on and seizing victory from the jaws of defeat. Never before was such a magical effect produced by the appearance of man.

"One blast upon his bugle horn was worth a thousand men," and his presence "had the substance of ten thousand." We can see him at Five Forks, where he seized, amid shot and shell, that bullet-riddled flag, which has followed him on many a field, and which now hangs so gracefully and peacefully over us, and "plunging into the charge" at the head of his troops, led them to victory. We can see him again with untiring energy, pressing on day and night, by the left flank, following up success after success, never resting until Sheridan "the inevitable" as he was called by Pickett, planted himself like a rock, directly in front of Lee's retreating column at Appomattox Court House, and held it in his clenched hand; the hour of surrender had arrived; the last shot was fired; the white flag was raised, and the war was over.

He has been compared to Murat, pronounced by Napoleon to be the best cavalry officer in Europe, but Murat was condemned to death by a court martial of his former subjects and shot. He has been compared to Ney, who said a marshal of France never surrenders, but Ney, while a soldier under Louis XVIII, and leading an army against Napoleon, whom he promised under oath to bring back in an iron cage, not only surrendered, but transferred, without a shot, his command to the enemy of his King. Ney, too, was found guilty of treason and shot in the Gardens of the Luxembourg. He has been compared to Stonewall Jackson, but Stonewall Jackson violated his oath, solemnly taken, to obey the constitution and the laws of his country. He resembles more the famous knight of the olden time. Bayard the Chevalier "sans peur et sans reproche" and of whom his biographer wrote, that "three qualities marked him for a perfect soldier; he was a greyhound for attack, a wild boar in defence and a wolf in retreat."

Of all those who attained distinction during the rebellion, not one to-day stands higher in the admiration of the American people than he. He is the beau ideal of a soldier. His fame is the natural growth of his life. It has come to him unsought. Neither a desire for political distinction has diverted him, nor a wish to acquire wealth distracted him from his profession. He is the tried servant, the modest gentleman and worthy citizen. His name is the embodiment of loyalty and gallantry.

The traveler standing in the beautiful Valley of Chamounix, at the base of Mont Blanc, fails to realize the stupendous height of that snow-capped peak, but when miles distant, he turns back and beholds it, towering far above its compeers, he recognizes its claim to be called the monarch of mountains.

It is so with the war. Nearly twenty years have rolled by since we bade farewell "to the plumed troops, the neighing steed, the shrill trump, the ear-piercing fife, the royal banner and all quality, pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war;" but as our judgments have matured and we realize the difficulties overcome, the noble lives sacrificed, the object accomplished and the blessings spread all over the land, the memories of those days, with their scenes and actors, become precious and priceless.

But I must not longer dwell upon this fascinating theme. As the years continue to roll on and we recall these pleasant gatherings, it will be with pride that you, sir, have been our commander; that we have known you in peace, as well as in war, and be assured, sir, that while ours will be the loss, the Illinois Commandery will rejoice with you for whatever fresh laurels and additional honors a grateful

country may bestow upon you. That your life may be spared many years; that abundance, prosperity and happiness may attend you and yours, is, I am sure, not only the hearty wish of every one present, but also that of every loyal citizen from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Loud calls being made for "Our Commander,"

Br.-Gen. W. B. Sheridan

replied as follows :

COMRADES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMANDERY OF  
THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS :

The consideration and honor conferred upon me by this commandery, not only in my association with its members, but by this elegant and sumptuous banquet here to-night, and by a similar one on my birthday last year, fills my heart with emotions which no words of mine can adequately express. Mingled with these feelings, gentlemen, are thoughts that these honors are extended to me by a gallant and select body of officers and comrades, who fought, and were willing to sacrifice their lives, to prove that free government, by the people and for the people, is a success. You were not only engaged in a contest which vindicated the principles and maintained the permanency of republican institutions, and emancipated the 4,000,000 slaves in this country, but you were engaged in a contest which set to work, and gave strength to the idea of freedom in all other countries on the face of the earth. It is, then, to men who were leaders in such a contest, that I am indebted for the courtesies extended to me on this and other occasions.

Since the organization of the Loyal Legion, I have felt

a great interest in it. Its standard is elevated, and it meets on a plane where no selfish interests or partisan purposes are permitted to exist, and no one can belong to it on whose record there is a stain. While I have been thus interested in the society of the Loyal Legion, generally, I have been especially interested in the Commandery of the State of Illinois, which did me the honor to make me its commander; not only on account of this honor, which I highly prize, but also because of my affection for and association with its members.

I doubt if any commandery in the United States has been so careful in the selection of its members, and the effect is visible in the honorable character and bearing of the membership.

The sight of this beautiful picture of an event at Five Forks, so personal to myself, which you have presented to me, with the old battle-flag I carried on that occasion, fills my eyes and touches my heart, and I feel truly grateful to you, comrades, for this additional token of your esteem.

All hail, then, comrades, long life and happiness to you all, is the heartfelt and sincere wish of your commander.

SECOND TOAST,

"The Federal Union."

It has been preserved.

RESPONSE BY

Maj.-Gen. Joseph B. Leake, U. S. Vols.

The federal union has been preserved. "Government of the people, by the people and for the people has not perished from the earth." The United States of America has not passed into history as a broken league of discordant states, each claiming to be greater than the united whole, but is still a nation which has a government strong enough to enforce its right to exist against any foe from within or without. Its glorious flag does not trail in the dust, but proudly floats aloft in the free air, fading from the misty sight at night only again to receive the fond kiss of the sun at his every rising. The history of the origin, rise and progress of the colonies planted in the new world, merging into that of the great Republic has not again been divided, to be looked back upon as the once common record of separated and hostile peoples. The traditions, romance and poetry which have gathered around the achievements of the planters of liberty and the founders of free government on this continent are still our common heritage and our unpartitioned possession. The immortal declaration of independence, the grandest enunciation of political principles ever made to a startled world, remains the work of our forefathers alone. The constitution which our fathers ordained and established to form a more perfect union between thirteen states inhabited by three millions of people, scattered



along the borders of the eastern ocean, firmly but gently holds to-day in a still more perfect union fifty millions of people, who have erected twenty-five new states, with more to follow, upon like free foundations as the old and who are only checked in their onward march by the rolling surges of the western sea. That constitution has preserved popular liberty clearly defined and carefully guarded under constitutional forms and laws from lapsing into anarchy. It established a central government with inherent power enough to attain the objects for which it was created without becoming a centralized despotism trenching upon the inalienable rights of the individual man to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The purpose our fathers expressed in the preamble of that constitution has been fully accomplished. "Wisdom is justified of her children." Under this wise and free form of government justice has been established, domestic tranquillity has at last been insured, the common defense has been provided for with what cost of treasure and more precious lives we know too well; the general welfare has been promoted, and the blessings of liberty were secured to the fathers, have been enjoyed by us, and, unless we yet prove unworthy, will be transmitted with this government to posterity unimpaired. We have demonstrated to the world and to ourselves the possibility of a permanent republican government. We have had no monarch toward whom we might develop a fanciful sentiment of personal loyalty. Our institutions have not come down to us from a remote past to charm and enslave us by a reverence for antiquity. No state church has inducted us in obedience to wrongful authority, on which itself was dependent, as a part of our duty of



obedience to God. This government has securely rested upon the loyalty of the people to their own law, and their profound reverence for just authority springing from and exercised with the express consent of the majority of the governed.

Standing upon this mount of assured preservation, those who have been loyal to this union have passed through many valleys of deep shadows, many of them as impenetrable to mortal vision as that of death, pierced only by the eye of that faith which could "see the glory of the coming of the Lord." For more than half the period of the existence of this government, the heart of the patriot has been burdened by doubts and anxious care for the permanence of free institutions, threatened as they were by a slowly solidifying, factious, rebellious and at last defiant minority. The storm broke, and when it had cleared, the burden of those doubts had disappeared in the whirlwind that had passed. The mutterings of the secessionists have long since been choked into silence. The threat of disunion is no longer heard in the land and would disturb the peace of none if it were. The irrepressible conflict has been repressed. The nation which the prophetic statesman feared could not long endure half slave and half free has endured, thank God, all free.

We would be dead to the noblest sentiments of the human soul if we did not continually rejoice that we have been permitted to bear our part in the mighty conflict by which this nation has been preserved as a nation of freemen. The patient endurance and heroic struggle in marches, battles and sieges through which the final victory came was our work and that of our comrades in arms. While he that girdeth on the harness is strictly enjoined not to

boast himself as he that putteth it off, there is no injunction to restrain us who put it off so long ago from moderately boasting when by ourselves of the battles we fought and the victories we won. Therefore, as we sit to-night around this festive board to celebrate the anniversary of that natal day which gave us one of our trusted leaders in that ensanguined strife, let us rejoice and be exceeding glad that we had the endurance to fight out the contest to a triumphant issue, and that the flag under whose waving folds we sit is still the starry emblem of a government which has preserved its beneficent authority over the whole of the national domain, and is honored among all the nations of the earth.

But we must not be unmindful that the contest of which we bore the brunt took place many years ago. The destinies of the union which has been so wonderfully preserved are fast passing into the control of those to whom the fact of the rebellion is scarcely a memory. We have owed a duty to the coming generation as sacred as that we have sought to discharge to the one which is passing away. The continued preservation of this government and of liberty under it must soon be intrusted to younger hearts and hands than ours. If we have instilled into the coming generation the lessons of patriotism which our fathers taught, the union will continue to be preserved in the future as it has been in the past. American patriotism is not based upon mere local attachment to any particular district of country. We easily change our places of residence. The inhabitant of the mountain seeks the plain, and the dwellers in the valleys press on to mountain ranges beyond. Our patriotism is an undying love for the free institutions under which we live,

and which we regard as peculiarly our own. If in the wild desire for excessive and useless wealth which has taken possession of so many hearts the great majority still holds fast to the principle that all just governments are founded only to promote the happiness and secure the well being of the governed, and have learned to love equal justice to all, more than the selfish aggrandizement of a few, then the union and government of these United States will ever endure, because enshrined in the hearts of those who are at the same time the source of its sovereign authority and its loyal and obedient citizens. It is profoundly true that "righteousness exalteth a nation." This nation will continue to exist and be exalted among the nations so long as its people shall be willing to fight for and shall rejoice in the triumph of the cause which is just and right for all conditions of men alike. While then we rejoice that in our history as a people the right has heretofore triumphed and our union has been maintained, let us never forget

"To praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.  
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto, 'In God is our trust;'  
And the star spangled banner, oh, long may it wave,  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

## THIRD TOAST,

"The Army."

Its muster roll is smaller than the list of its achievements.

## RESPONSE BY

Major William Eliot Furness, U. S. Vols.

COMPANIONS: I am a poor substitute for the gallant soldier, who was first asked to respond to this toast. No summer soldier he, but one who bravely, uncomplainingly bore the heat and labor of the day in the service of his country, when danger threatened and the leaden hail of war was decimating our battalions, and he bears upon his body marks of which he may be justly proud, of the suffering and pain he endured upon the field and under the surgeon's knife, to remind us ever of the devotion and valor of the United States Army as represented by him, while I,—I can boast no wounds and show no scars.

Yet do not think I feel slighted in being asked only to supply another's place. I am honored by the invitation to try and take General Hardin's post at this banquet, and surely the sentiment I reply to, here in the presence of the *great General*, our dearly loved and respected commander, to honor whom on this, his anniversary, we come together to-night, whose voice was ever the clarion call to victory, and his presence in itself a host, able to turn defeat to triumph, is one to make an orator of the least eloquent of men.

The Army of the United States! Who does not know its worth, its gallantry, devotion and heroism on many a stricken field, in many a bloody fight, in hundreds of bat-

ties, on the dreary march and on the frontier posts of danger, since first the flag of our Republic floated on the breezes of Heaven, one hundred years ago.

Who of us is ignorant of the sterling value to our country of that class of educated officers, the foster children of the Republic whom West Point has nurtured for us, to command this army. Bravery is the birthright of the Anglo-Saxon and the American—yes, of every free-born people—but we who have served through a great war know, and can well afford to acknowledge the inestimable value of skilled training in the men who must lead control and organize the rank and file.

In valor and patriotism we were not behind them, for these are qualities not dependent on special education, but are born with every gentleman. Yet we need not, we do not, shame to grant the great worth their military knowledge was to us and to our country in the hours of her sore need.

And we know, too, something of the injustice too often done to our army and its officers by envious civilian and popular demagogue.

All honor to the Army of the United States. Truly is its muster roll shorter than the list of its achievements. Yet amid all strictures, cavil and carping, trust me, brothers, it has a place well earned and warm in the heart of this people, for its generals have never sought to be dictators nor its regiments prætorian guards, and with them the safety of the country and the liberties of the people are secure. And long, long may it be so.

## FOURTH TOAST.

"The Navy."

"Don't give up the ship(s)!"

## RESPONSE BY

Passed Asst. Surgeon James Nebius Hyde, late U. S. Navy.

MR. COMMANDER AND BROTHERS OF THE COMMANDERY:  
 When your committee first did me the honor to ask me to respond to this inspiring toast, I felt a hesitation natural to one called upon to represent an entire branch of the service in this distinguished company of soldiers. But I remembered the words with which an eloquent member of our order introduced his speech on a similar occasion last year. He reminded us that there were no reporters present, and that we were assembled in the midst not of critics, but of friends. I have, therefore, ventured to do what under other circumstances I should not have attempted, and what I have very rarely attempted since I was a college lad, namely, to write some verses which I have dedicated to the gallant soldier in whose honor we are assembled, and which with your kind permission I will read to you as a response to this toast. They are entitled

## ASLEEP AND AWAKE.

Hither it is the war ship came,  
 When she had taught us how a name  
     Can stir the pulse and blood;  
 Here, fast in the Yard, like a captive thing,  
 The lazy tides her hull scarce swing  
     Across the harbor mud.

Lies she like one who long has slept,  
Lies like a wreck, the sea has swept  
    Of topmast, stay, and boom,—  
Lies with stark forms on either hand,  
As dead queens lie, for a loyal land,  
    In the hush of a marble tomb.

Rises, out there, the city's hum,—  
The voice heard here is stricken dumb!—  
    She is stripped of the gay attire  
She wore, when we marveled at the sight  
Of colors that flashed, like the ray of light  
    That is gilding yonder spire.

This is the picture, but instead  
Others take shape, as we turn and tread  
    These deserted decks alone,—  
Scenes that were real, and yet they seem  
To mix and melt, as in a dream  
    Of a day long past and gone.

Again flies the signal, All aboard!—  
She chafes at the cable, provision stored,  
    Steam up, and the foresail free!  
Eyes, veiled with the tears that women weep,  
Watch the gallant ship with steady sweep  
    Spring to the swell of the sea.

Across the poop and the cutters' thwarts  
We see the black guns at the ports,  
    The white yards squarely set,  
The blue-capped tars, aloft, alow,  
The flemished coils on the deck of snow,  
    And the gleam of a bayonet.

We hear again the cheery bells,  
And the boatswain's pipe, as it sinks and swells;  
    See the pennant nod to the sun,  
The wheel, that a sinewy arm obeys,  
The lace of shrouds, and the kitten that plays  
    At the foot of a Parrott gun.

We see her again on a wave's white crest,  
When a blood-red sun dies at the west  
    From the heart of a leaden sky;  
And a hurricane, born of a gathering gale,  
Whips out of her stays a thundering sail,  
    That shrieks as it washes by;

Tears a salted spray from ink-black waves,  
That strikes the cheek like a knife that shaves,  
    And is flung in fury back;  
The frigate reels through billows that roar  
And a deluge against her bulwarks pour,  
    Till the stout planks groan and crack.

Here at the prow, if you have no fear,  
Look in the face of the hell, so near  
    That you sway at its very lip;  
Then watch the top-men as they clutch  
The dizzy lifts, and almost touch  
    A gulf with every dip!

This is the school where first they learned  
How deeds are wrought, how laurels earned;  
    We read the secret here  
Why they who face the ocean's rage  
With weaker enemies engage,  
    And laugh at the foe and at fear!



Again we see her. Ship and crew  
Are the same ; but the sky above is blue,  
And milky-blue the sea,  
Lapping the coral in the bay,  
With tides that know not to betray  
The secrets there that be.

The channel is sown with missiles of death,  
Fit to burst with the pulse of a breath !  
That bastioned fort on the crag  
Covers a fleet and an armored ram,  
Over them floating a painted sham,  
The folds of a rebel flag.

We see our ships ! We name each pair !  
We greet the gallant flag-ship there !—  
God help them all this day !—  
Through crashing shot and bursting shell,  
With a courage that no words can tell,  
They force a fiery way.

And he who planned, who cheered, who led,  
Was where the shot flew overhead,  
Bolts thick from battle clouds ;—  
What might betide, what might befall,  
Here was the brave old admiral,  
Lashed fast in his main shrouds !

The world knew of his worth, the day  
He passed the forts in Mobile Bay,  
And his name shone like a star !  
When he battered the plated Tennessee,  
His wooden walls were a sight to see,  
Rarer than Trafalgar !

But little the world knew, as we knew,  
How gentle was his heart and true,  
    The gracious smile he wore,  
The modesty that banished pride,  
The vigorous frame, that age defied  
    And could bend like a boy's at an oar

Step to this spot. Why, here is yet  
The very plank which once was wet  
    With the blood of a dying lad!  
This crimson skin such whiteness wore,  
And this brave smile, few months before,  
    A mother's breast made glad.

His father rests a space his plow,  
A sister's needle is idle now,—  
    They are dreaming. When shall they see  
Their sailor boy with eyes of fire,  
A nation's hope for his heart's desire,  
    Who could die for you and me!

Look over the side. As smooth 'tis there,  
As when the Tecumseh struck a snare,  
    More horrid than sunken rocks;  
One fearful belch of a demon's breath,  
And a hundred men sank to their death,  
    Like caged rats in a box!

When he saw the Monitor was lost,  
We know how Craven kept his post,  
    With the water at his knee;  
The casemate shutter wide was swung,  
One plunge, and he knew he should be flung  
    Safe on the open sea!

But stay! Inside that casemate wide  
Three men kept guard alone;  
And the captain brave two lives would save,  
With no thought of his own;  
So the two burst by with a dreadful cry,—  
And he sank like a stone!

These were our brothers. These did keep  
The mid-watch, which to us in sleep  
A dream of childhood brought;  
We knew the color of each cheek,  
We knew the tale each tongue could speak,  
We sang the songs they taught.

And we had seen upon this breast  
A portrait which the heart confessed  
Was to itself most dear;  
And here, a maiden's fair young face,  
And here, a ringlet's tender grace,  
And love's last token, here!

Hold, are we dreaming! Twenty years,  
With all that saddens, all that cheers,  
Have hurried by since then!  
And some of us have turned to trade;  
And some to law and physic strayed;  
And most are grey-haired men.

And is this all? Ah, ripening seed  
Must ever answer to the need  
Of the blossoming springtide;  
We, who these comrades' memories share,  
With them we live, by them we swear  
That not in vain they died.

The peace that cost them such a price  
Our children's children shall suffice ;  
And in war, if that must come,  
There never shall fail a sailor's hail,  
And a soldier boy to respond with joy  
To the roll of the nation's drum !

## FIFTH TOAST, "The Heroes of the Shenandoah."

"We fought Early from daylight until between six and seven o'clock. \* \* \* We just sent them whirling through Winchester."

## RESPONSE BY

Capt. C. A. Otis, U. S. Vols.

It is with some misgiving that I attempt to respond for the "Army of the Shenandoah," for the reason that it was not my good fortune to have served in it, or to have participated in those splendid campaigns which have made it historic.

But personal knowledge is not necessary to recall those stirring incidents, which are as familiar to us all as household words. The Valley of the Shenandoah was literally a battle ground during a large portion of the war, and the soldiers on both sides got to know every stream, and mile-post, and chimney from one end of it to the other. Its inhabitants knew by experience what war means. They were forced to change their allegiance with every march of the army; they would be under the "stars and stripes" in the morning; by noon they would be subject to the "stars and bars," and by night they were again under the shelter of the old flag. They did not have to read histories or study official reports to understand battles, for nearly every farm had been the scene of a battle, and its owner was fortunate if his home had not been taken for a hospital, or perhaps sacrificed to the terrible necessities of war.

It is in no spirit of criticism, but stating the simple truth

of history to say that the operations in the Valley of the Shenandoah were far from being a subject of pride to our arms, during some of the earlier years of the war. Divided commands and discordant councils were often legitimately followed by defeat and disaster, until it had become to us literally the "Valley of Humiliation."

But all this was changed by the genius of Sheridan and the gallantry of his men, and at the close of the war, we could point with honest pride to those brilliant victories unsurpassed by any during the entire contest.

But I am to speak of the Heroes of the Shenandoah ; of those by whose valor and courage these splendid successes were won. What associations cluster around the sentiment !

I would recall to your minds the long rolls of those who fell in line of battle, with musket and saber in hand, and whose unknown but honored graves mark every battle field and skirmish line of that "dark and bloody ground" from the Potomac to Lynchburg. They laid down their lives that the nation might live, from a sense of duty, and were neither spurred on by ambition nor cheered by hopes of reward or fame. Their names even may be forgotten, but the recollection of their gallant deeds will remain green forever in the hearts of a grateful people.

Peace to their honored ashes !

But there are other Heroes of the Shenandoah among us ; some of them members of this commandery, men now engaged in civil pursuits, whose faces, beginning to be marked by age, light up with enthusiasm, as they recall the days when they charged with the old "Sixth Corps," or under Merritt, or Custer, or Torbett, rode forward into the very front of battle.

It is an experience that they can look back to with honest pride. Thackeray says: "Bravery never goes out of fashion," and the gallant deeds these men did in the valley will neither be forgotten nor grow stale by repetition.

But above and beyond all others, we have the Hero of the Shenandoah, in the person of our honored commander and guest to-night, and whose presence must not prevent me from saying, that to him, more, far more, than to any other man, living or dead, is our country indebted for those splendid victories, which at last not only left us in peaceful possession of the Valley of the Shenandoah, with every opposing army destroyed, but which went far toward ending the war.

We naturally associate the names of our great leaders with those of the armies they commanded.

When we mention the "Army of the Cumberland" the mind goes back to the grand and historic figure of Thomas; the "march to the sea" and the "capture of Vicksburg" bring before us the familiar faces of Grant and Sherman; so, wherever the achievements of the "Army of the Shenandoah" are mentioned, we turn instinctively to Sheridan, who, whether "twenty miles away," or riding toward the roar of the enemy's guns, or forming and leading his resistless columns of attack, always the very incarnation and genius of battle, is ever the head and soul of the "Army of the Shenandoah."

His motto was always, "fight Early and fight often," and whenever he *did* fight, the rebels "were sent whirling through Winchester" or down the valley a disordered mob.

When our history of the war comes to be written, and the impartial verdict made up, I predict that no man will stand higher on the roll of our great captains, for all the qualities of a gallant soldier, than Philip H. Sheridan.

His was not the success of chance; he was far more than a mere dashing cavalry soldier; he achieved success by deserving it, and could *plan* a campaign as skillfully as he could win a battle. He had the power to prepare and to act, the brain to plan, and the courage to execute, and I predict that his campaigns in the valley will be studied by the soldiers of the future, as models of the art of war.

That he may long continue to enjoy the honors so bravely won and so modestly worn, is not only your wish and mine, but that of every man who loves his country, and honors those who have served it so loyally and so well.



## SIXTH TOAST,

## "The Fallen."

"But whether on the scaffold high,  
Or in the battle's van,  
The fittest place where man can die  
Is where he dies for man."

## RECITATION, "JUST ELEVEN," BY

Maj.-Lt.-Col. Taylor H. Rundlet, U. S. Vols.

Three years ago, to-day,  
We raised our hands to Heaven,  
And on the rolls of muster  
Our names were thirty-seven;  
There were a thousand stalwart bayonets,  
And the swords were thirty-seven,  
As we took the oath of service  
With our right hands raised to Heaven.

Oh! 'twas a gallant day,  
In memory still adored,  
That day of our sunbright nuptials  
With the musket and the sword;  
Shrill rang the fifes, the bugles blared,  
And beneath a cloudless heaven  
Twinkled a thousand bayonets,  
While the swords were thirty-seven.

Of the thousand stalwart bayonets  
Two hundred march to-day;  
Hundreds lie in the Southwest swamps  
And hundreds in Virginia clay;

While other hundreds--less happy--drag  
    Their mangled limbs around,  
And envy the deep, calm, blessed sleep  
    Of the battle-field's holy ground.

For the swords--one night, a week ago--  
    The remnant--just eleven--  
Gathered around a banqueting board  
    With seats for thirty-seven;  
There were two limped in on crutches,  
    And two had each but a hand,  
To pour the wine and raise the cup,  
    As we toasted "Our Flag and our Land!"

And the room seemed filled with whispers  
    As we looked at those vacant seats,  
And with choking throats we pushed aside  
    The rich but untasted meats;  
Then in silence we brimm'd our glasses,  
    As we stood up--just eleven--  
And bowed, as we drank to the loved,—but the dead,  
    Who had made us thirty-seven.

SEVENTH TOAST,

"The Loyal Legion."

Child of the Cincinnati.

RESPONSE BY

First Lt. Martin J. Russell, U. S. Vols.

MR. COMMANDER AND GENTLEMEN: When in 1783 peace had come to close "the purple testament of bleeding war," and the soldiers of the Revolution, who were spared to witness the glorious consummation for which they had struggled long and sometimes hopelessly, lay for the most part in the cantonments along the Hudson, it was with a feeling to which no one here is a stranger that their officers contemplated a severance of the close intimacies and pervading fellowship of the camp and the campaign. It was heartily their wish to perpetuate their friendships, to aid one another in the struggle for life upon which most of them were to enter at a disadvantage, and to instill into the minds of youth love for the republic to the establishment of which it was their fortune, under the providence of God and by the aid of his majesty of France, to make an essential contribution. The suggestion of General Knox, the artillerist of the Revolution, was eagerly accepted, and just a century ago, at the headquarters of the Baron Von Steuben, was formed the order of the Cincinnati, whose last survivor of the first class would have heard, had he been spared a few years longer, the first guns of the war of the Rebellion.

In the full and stately phrase of that day, it was set forth that "to perpetuate as well the remembrance of the war of independence as the mutual friendships that have

been formed under the pressure of common danger, and in many instances cemented by the blood of the parties, the officers of the American army do hereby, in the most solemn manner, associate, constitute and combine themselves into one society of friends, to endure as long as they shall endure, or any of their eldest male posterity, and in failure thereof the collateral branches, who may be judged worthy of becoming its supporters and members.

"The officers of the American army having been generally taken from the citizens of America, possess high veneration for the character of the illustrious Roman, Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus, and being resolved to follow his example by returning to their citizenship, they think they may with propriety denominate themselves 'The Society of the Cincinnati.'"

The principles they enunciated were "An incessant devotion to preserve inviolate those exalted rights and liberties of human nature for which they have fought and bled, and without which the high rank of a rational being is a curse instead of a blessing.

"An unalterable determination to promote and cherish between the respective states that union and national honor so essentially necessary to their happiness and the future dignity of the American empire.

"To render permanent the cordial affection subsisting among the officers. This spirit will dictate brotherly kindness in all things, and particularly extend to the most substantial acts of beneficence, according to the ability of the society, toward those officers and their families who unfortunately may be under the necessity of receiving it."

This was the foundation of the order of the Cincinnati, which in some of the states, notably New York, endures

to this day, and this, substantially, is the foundation of the legion. The points of difference I have not thought it needful to trace, so like is the child to the parent. The son is more robust than the sire in the same proportion that the republic at the civil war was of greater extent, of larger population, of more varied resources than the united colonies at the time of the Revolution. But we are less ceremonious. I read with profound interest of the travail attending the induction of Chancellor Livingstone, in New York.

The audience being prepared, "and the kettledrums and trumpets having already occupied their places," the standard bearer of the society, in his ancient continental uniform, escorted by four members, also in uniform, took his position on the right by the dais. Then entered the masters of the ceremony, the members two by two, the secretary carrying the original constitution, bound in light blue satin; the treasurer and deputy treasurer bearing white satin cushions, on which were displayed the eagles and diplomas of the new members; the vice-president, and last of all the president. At his entrance the standard saluted and the kettledrums and trumpets gave a flourish until he had taken his chair of state on the dais, when the standard was again raised, and the members, who till now had remained standing, seated themselves. The candidates having been then introduced and duly admonished, the president and all the members arose, and the former, covering with much form and ceremony, admitted the new members into the society.

To a time within the remembrance of the youngest of us, the survivors of the Cincinnati appeared at the annual dinner upon Independence day with cocked hat and side-

arms. I find no mention of that curious and formidable weapon, the spontoon, the history and uses of which have been fully narrated and described to this commandery by the learned antiquary it is fortunate to number among its members. A cocked — even a half-cocked — hat would scarce become the now close-cropped survivors of the rebellion who are admitted to this commandery. We enter not two by two, but as Macbeth's company dispersed when, because of a spirit too many, his majesty was out of spirits. We stand not upon the order of our coming, but come at once. I tremble for the fate of a white satin cushion in the hands of our treasurer. Handsome as our chancellor would look in the blue and buttons of the war days, I fear that he, as the rest of us who have broadened with increasing years, would burst the narrow confines and be left naked to the world. We have no standards, no drums, and modesty commands that we leave our trumpets, even those in tolerable order, unblown. We are, it may be confessed, not as grave and reverend as our fathers.

The kindest feeling existed toward the French officers who had taken part in the long struggle, and the desire was general in the continental ranks that their generous assistance should be formally remembered. They were gladly admitted upon equal footing to the order of the Cincinnati, and the chevaliers of France were proud to wear at the court of Louis the badge that distinguished them as soldiers who had fought for freedom in the new world. Most of them perished in the French revolution or the subsequent wars, but Lafayette was spared to a green old age, and bequeathed the badge, eloquent of his companionship with Washington, as "a rich legacy unto

his issue." To French taste the order was indebted for the design of the badge, and to French artists for its execution. The American officers proposed a simple medal. The badge adopted consisted of a golden eagle displayed, its talons grasping golden olive branches, the green enameled leaves of which were wreathed about the bald head of the symbolic bird. Upon its breast was an oval shield bearing the familiar legends and picturing the no less familiar scene of Cincinnatus quitting the plow to serve the republic.

It is curious now to read how a people, jealous of the liberty which the breasts adorned with this badge were freely bared in battle to secure, were induced to look with distrust upon an organization animated by the purest patriotism. Ædamus Burke, one of the justices of South Carolina, led in a pamphlet war against the Cincinnati upon the ground that it was establishing an hereditary privileged military class that, like the Janizaries, would make and unmake governments. The attack was bitter. Washington wrote to Hamilton that he was willing that the hereditary feature of the order should be abandoned, and, if it were not for the benevolent feature, that it should be wholly disbanded. But the men who starved at Valley Forge and stormed at Yorktown were not to be dismayed by senseless clamor. The Cincinnati survived and the country flourished, unvexed by a military class, whose sole privilege it was to support and sustain the comrades who would have looked in vain for aid and comfort from the new generation.

Franklin, distinguished as the earliest of our ministers to France and as one of the warmest friends of the suffering "continentals in their ragged regimentals,"

was inimical to the order. The ribbon of the Illinois commandery adorns the breast of a Washburne, who, like Franklin, was a minister to France, and a McCagg, who labored long and zealously to stanch the wounds and bathe the fevered brows of our stricken companions. The first president of the Cincinnati was the first president of the republic. Monroe was eligible to membership; no doubt was a member. The roster of the District of Columbia commandery of the Loyal Legion bears the name of Arthur. The Ohio roll is headed by Hayes. Upon the rolls of our own commandery is seen the name of Grant. And who shall say that with such glad acclaim as followed his tempestuous sweep within the shadow of the Blue Ridge and up the banks of the Shenandoah, narrowing to its source, the republic shall not yet bestow its highest and most coveted honor upon one held in high regard the nation through, but specially endeared to the comrades gathered here to-night?

As with the Cincinnati so with "the child of the Cincinnati," the groundwork of this order of the Loyal Legion is not ambition, not self-laudation, nothing but good fellowship at its best. We cannot remake the history of the stupendous war in which we served our allotted part. That was fought out in the face of the world and is a memory for all time.

"How many ages hence,  
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over  
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!"

Bound together by the remembrance of our peril and our toil, we may meet and in our "flowing cups freshly remember" the comrades that were and are not. It is



something to reflect that we who were spared amid the carnage that was awful to look upon may, as one by one we are summoned by the angel that passed us in the days of bloodshed, feel as we fall to rise no more that the kindly hand of one who knew that we had suffered and struggled in the stormy days of the rebellion, will be laid upon our bier with a touch at once tender and historic. It is something to remember as we grow in age that to those safest and surest custodians of our memory, those kindest critics of our career, our children, we may transmit the symbol of this order, and by connecting it with the story of the Cincinnati, direct their thoughts to the days when the republic was formed, as well as to the time, in which we bore a part, that it was saved. It is a symbol less significant of a conquered rebellion than of a country spared the belittlement of artificial barriers and enabled to move on majestically to that mighty destiny assigned it by the prophetic voice of the nations, that is surely the voice of God.

## EIGHTH TOAST,

## "The Volunteers."

"Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments."

## RESPONSE BY

Maj.-Gen. John T. Heberidge, U. S. Vols.

MR. PRESIDENT,—In peace, the United States has no army. In war, its army is the volunteer, invincible, irresistible. I would not speak lightly of that little army, of which the guest of the evening is a distinguished officer. But, sir, his star rose not on the battle-field of that little army; volunteers wove the garlands coronating his brow.

Considering the vastness of our domain, the extent of our sea coast, the length of our inland boundary lines, the millions of our population, and all the varied and multiplied interests of the nation, that little army is insufficient to do the guard duty on the grand march of our civilization. Compared with the standing armies of the old world it is insignificant, in numbers. The nations of Europe keep up expensive military establishments, to support government, to keep the peace, and to fight their battles. In the United States, public intelligence solidifies the government, public virtue preserves public order, and volunteer patriotism fights, to the death, the enemies of our country.

The volunteer has enlisted in every war. His tramp has been heard upon every battle-field. His blood has consecrated every battle-flag. His song of victory has risen above the wild roar of war. His valor has vindicated the nation's honor. His gallantry has shed luster upon American arms.

In 1776 volunteers rallied around the new banner of liberty, and presented the infant republic to the God of battles, to receive the baptism of blood. Bunker Hill, Monmouth, Brandywine and Yorktown are historic battle-fields of the revolution.

In 1812 their guns echoed on land, lake and sea. Lake Erie, Lundy's Lane, Plattsburgh and New Orleans still echo and reëcho their shouts of victory.

In 1846 Mexican soil trembled beneath their mighty, mighty tread. They garnered the harvest of death and victory on the field of Buena Vista. Amid smoke and carnage they ascended the steeps of Cerro Gordo. In quest of glory they scaled the heights of Chapultepec. And the morning sun in that far-off valley kissed the stars and stripes floating in triumph over the halls of the Montezumas.

In 1861 a million of men marched in defense of our country. The South was their battle-field. "The Union now and forever" was their battle-cry. The flag of our fathers was their inspiration *to do, to dare and to die*. No treacherous Indian, no effeminate Mexican, no stubborn Englishman was their foeman, but their own countrymen met them face to face on the field, struggling for the mastery. When volunteer meets volunteer "then comes the tug of war."

The South, with a soul worshipping the god of slavery, with a heart filled with bitterness and hate, and with a feeling of superiority, fought with reckless desperation. The North, animated by love of country, inspired by the example of their fathers, trusting in the justice of their cause, and relying on the God of battles, fought with a courage and bravery unequalled in the annals of time.

The gallantry of the South may well challenge our admiration, but the heroism of the North prevailed. The stars and bars went down *forever* before the stripes and stars. Volunteers forced an unconditional surrender at Donelson. Volunteers stood like a wall of fire on Malvern Hill. Volunteers breasted the storm of death at Vicksburg. Volunteers stood like a rock at Chickamauga. Volunteers made historic the field of Gettysburgh. Volunteers, under Sherman, marched from Chattanooga, through Atlanta, by Resaca, down to the sea. Volunteers, under Grant, marched by the left flank from the Rappahannock, through the bloody Wilderness, by Spotsylvania Court House, and Coal Harbor, down to the investment of Richmond.

When Sheridan rode all the way from Winchester that day, it was volunteers he gathered up with the rapidity of lightning, and hurled with the force of a thunderbolt upon the foe, snatching victory from defeat. With volunteers he wrought magnificent victory at Five Forks. Volunteers he threw in front of the retreating army of Virginia, and compelled the surrender of Lee at Appomattox.

Of this grand army of volunteers many have fought their last battle. "They sleep their last sleep," some in unknown graves in southern soil, some in national cemeteries, and some in our own churchyards. Let them sleep in peace and glory. We, comrades, by the beneficence of a kind Providence, still live within the folds of the flag we defended, partaking of the fruits of our victory, and basking in the sunshine of liberty.

"Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments."

NINTH TOAST,

"The Foot Soldier."

"From bills to bayonets, from bows to breech-loaders,—  
The bulwark of the Anglo-Saxon race."

RESPONSE BY

Colt.-Brig.-Gen. J. N. Stiles, U. S. Vols.

The foot soldier! What shall I say of him? He with the knapsack, the canteen and haversack, with the roll of blankets, the cartridge box and forty rounds, and "traps," but on foot, without a horse. What can I say of him? Think of the ease with which astride a fearless horse he could advance upon "the relentless foe;" but think also of the difficulty (if the foe should insist upon it) of getting back to the neighborhood of the commanding officer [laughter] on foot. [Great laughter.]

Think of "Winchester twenty miles away" and Sheridan on foot. [A voice "He'd a got there."] Yes, *he* would. [Great applause.] Think of old John Brown, who left us at Harper's Ferry "before the war," who, with his "knapsack strapped upon his back," is still marching on. He is without a horse; he is footing it. And then those brave hearts who left us from the field of battle,

"Whose good swords are rust,  
Whose bodies are dust,  
Whose souls are with the saints, we trust,"

now in "the great beyond;" gone to that bourne from whence no traveler returns, the undiscovered country, concerning which we hear so much yet know so little. They go to make up that "great army of the Lord," who,

in their long white robes, with crowns upon their heads and harps in their hands, and singing hallelujahs, are marching on, all foot soldiers. According to the best information we can get, there is not a horse in all that country. [Great laughter.]

"First there came a hoss company, and then a foot company and then some big guns. Then the Confeds formed a streak of fight, and you uns formed a streak of fight, and fit and fit, and knocked down Uncle Jo's smoke house, and spilt my ash hopper, th't I wouldn't a tuck two dollars for; and there ain't no use in war no how." [Laughter.]

Will the time come when, as the old east Tennessee woman put it, there will be "no use in war, no how"? Let us hope for it, however far away; for the time when "glorious war," with all its "pomp and circumstance," will be a thing of the past; when, indeed, "swords shall be beaten into plow shares and spears into pruning hooks." [Applause.] It will come; but, whether soon or late, while we live we may relight our camp fires, fight our battles over again and again, sing our army songs, and when too old for this, "shoulder our crutches and show how fields were won." Never ought to be, never can be forgotten, the long, weary, yet glorious struggle which gave permanence to our republic, freedom to a race, made our Loyal Legion organization possible, gave us to-night's cheer, and the name of Sheridan to adorn almost every chapter of its history. [Applause.]

Nearly twenty years have come and gone since "Johnny came marching home." How like a dream! Will you, with me, redream the dream, "companions of the blue?"

“ The quick farewell, the stubborn drill,  
The revel of the camp,  
The midnight march, the lonely watch,  
The news from home by evening's lamp;  
The tented field, the watch fire's light,  
The chances of to-morrow's fight;  
The last array, the battle's breath,  
The surging waves of utter death:  
The rescued flag, the wild retreat, the hospital of pain.”

Rise, companions, to your feet; with me redream and  
live, and drink it o'er again, again, again. [Great ap-  
plause.]

## TENTH TOAST,

"Horse and Artillery."

Naked without the one, armies would be sightless without the other.

## RESPONSE BY

First Lt. Richard S. Tuthill, U. S. Vols.

The terse and epigrammatic sentiment which accompanies the toast I am called upon to respond to, suggests to the mind Samson after he, through the wiles of the treacherous Delilah, had been deprived at once of his hair, his strength and his eyes.

Fancy the condition of Samson, blind, bound and substantially naked, in the midst of his exultant enemies, and you get an idea of an army destitute of cavalry and artillery. Samson had, you will remember, been to the Phillistines more terrible than an army with bummers. Single handed and alone he tackled a lion (whether it was the British lion or not, we are not informed), rubbed his nose in the dirt, twisted his tail, broke his back, and threw his carcass out of his way, for mere pastime, as it were. And on another occasion, in order to destroy the supplies of his enemies in the Shenandoah Valley of that war, he caught three hundred foxes, and took fire brands and turned tail to tail, and put a fire brand in the midst between the two tails, and turned them loose in the corn fields of the enemy. It was a little rough on the farming community, but, as our distinguished guest will tell you, it was necessary to do it in order to make them keep out of the valley. Oh! I tell you when General Samson had his cavalry and artillery (that is, his eyes and his hair) with him, he



was a holy terror. Between you and me, I don't go much on that story of his killing a thousand men with the jaw bone of an ass. I am inclined to believe there is some mistake about that. I don't recall any occasion in our war when an entire and complete ass, jaw-bone and all, even when bearing a Major General's commission, killed anybody. We had plenty of asses, thanks to a government which seemed determined to give each of them a chance to see how many rebels he could kill. They all tried their jaw bones on the enemy, but I think you will agree with me that I am vindicated by history in saying that, with us, asses were not a success. Therefore I am incredulous about that jaw-bone story.

Poor old Samson, betrayed by a siren, and bereft of his hair, which was his reserve power, and may be taken to symbolize the artillery of an army, and also of his eyes, which symbolize its cavalry, was about as helpless as even the Philistines could wish to see him. His only chance then to "get in his work" was to corral them in a house and pull it down on them, and you remember (I know I am addressing a gathering of rare Biblical scholars), that was the identical tactical movement adopted by the General.

But let us be serious. I came here to-night, gentlemen, intending to give you all a few "pointers" on artillery and cavalry fighting. I thought General Sheridan might, ere he assumes command of the army, want to hear from me on these subjects, you know.

I thought I would tell him, in reference to the artillery, that I agree with De Quincey, in the opinion that the only hope of a perpetual peace is in the improvement of the artillery. The idea is that after awhile this will be made of so

perfect and deadly a kind that both sides, being supplied alike, will be afraid to fight, for a fight will mean the total annihilation of both. Are we not approaching that time? It is well known that in modern wars the artillery has cut much more of a figure than in ancient times. Why, at Crecy the English had only three small guns, and it was not until the time of Gustavus Adolphus, in the first half of the 17th century, when the great Swedish General, on many a hotly contested field, conquered the before invincible armies of the Emperor Ferdinand under command of Wallenstein and Tilly, that any systematic use was made of artillery by the armies of Europe. In modern wars how great a figure the artillery has cut, I need not say. To the soldier, to the reader of history, I need only name the brilliant victories of Napoleon at Marengo and Wagram, secured by the skillful use of massed artillery; or the more recent battles of the Franco-Prussian war—Weissenburg, Gravelotte, Beaumont, Sedan and Metz—which were a series of great artillery combats.

Who that was at Malvern Hill does not recall how the repeated assaults of the rebel infantry were repulsed by a grand battery of 150 guns under Gen. Barry, posted on the heights to the west of the plateau? Who that was at Chancellorsville, at Gettysburgh, or in front of Atlanta, July 22, does not recall the grand, the inestimable service of the artillery, pouring death and destruction into the flushed and proudly advancing hosts of the enemy, driving them back and saving those great battles and our country's cause?

Of the cavalry, what shall I say in the presence of him whom history will pronounce one of the greatest cavalry commanders the world has ever known? In no idle com-

pliment do I say it, but if I have correctly read the annals of war, there have lived only a few men who deserve to be mentioned beside our own Sheridan as a commander of cavalry. These, I would say, are Alexander the Great, who on the field of Arbela, himself leading the Macedonian horse, displayed that same genius to comprehend, that quickness to execute, which was so noticeable in the series of brilliant, dazzling victories achieved by our *Philip* the Great, in all of his campaigns. Gustavus, the Swede, was a great cavalry general; so to, was Cromwell, and the Carthaginian, Hannibal; Frederick the Great is said to have raised the cavalry service to the culminating point of glory. He formulated rules of cavalry tactics which secured him and those who, since his time have observed them, many great victories. One of them was this: "Every officer of cavalry will have always present to his mind that there are but two things required to beat the enemy; first, to charge him with the greatest possible speed and force, and second to outflank him."

The subject, comrades, is too large for the limits of the occasion. The story of war has no more thrilling periods than those which tell of the achievements in all ages, of warriors on horseback, knights, as formerly they were called. The daring exploits, the glorious victories of our own cavalry, under the command of our Custers, Merritts, Wilsons, Kilpatricks, Griersons, and most glorious of all, Philip H. Sheridan, have furnished poet, painter and historian themes for poem, picture and history, dazzling and glorious beyond their power to depict. The battle-fields of our cavalry I need not recall. So long as history endures and the memory of glorious deeds remains, so long will the name and fame of our

great cavalry leader, who is our honored guest to-night, be familiar as household words. And so long will the grand achievements of the cavalry he commanded be remembered and admiringly recounted.

## ELEVENTH TOAST,

"Sweethearts of '61."

"Tout pour elle;  
Rien sans elle,  
Mais qui est elle?"

## RESPONSE BY

Wbt.-Maj. Henry A. Huntington, late U. S. A.

There hangs in an European museum a shield of the middle ages, which bears for device the sentiment of the toast to which I speak. Plainly it was once the buckler of a young knight just starting out in quest of adventures. According to the romantic fashion of the time such laurels as he should win must be laid at the feet of some woman, and as yet he had not loved. So he took this quaint motto:

"All for her;  
Nothing without her,  
But who is she?"

Of the thousands of American youth who answered their country's call now more than twenty years ago, the greater number were like the young knight, fancy free. Few of them, I dare say, were poetical, and that none bore shields I am sure. But there was a spot less conspicuous whereon to dedicate the young patriot's worthy deeds to the unknown fair. Either in graceful phrase or wordless symbol on every heart was stamped the legend of the shield.

And what courage it inspired, from what temptations it delivered! In all our armies was there a man capable of loyalty to a feminine ideal who would not rather face the

enemy than turn from him to face his mistress? A new chivalry was born, fairer than that which Cervantes smiled away, a chivalry which placed upon the head of the queen of love and beauty, not the tawdry coronet of the tournament, but a diadem set with the undiminished stars of the republic.

To most of us the answer to the young knight's question has been given. Some of us are still waiting for it. From none, let us hope, will it be withheld. Peace be with those, enfolded by no mortal arms, who with dying eyes, on stricken fields, beheld their mistress in the jealous goddess of the Capitol.

But in the laud of maidens we must not forget the praise of wives. Far happier was the lot of the waiting sweetheart, who had but to welcome the returning victor and share his spoil of glory, than hers who in spirit followed the drum and moistened with her tears the rugged way her march-worn husband trod.

Among the immortal pictures left us by the greatest of poets, there is none more beautiful than that of the wife of Hector with the young Astyanax in her hand, as

“Pensive she stood on Ilion's towery height,  
Beheld the war and sickened at the sight;  
There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore,  
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.”

The list of regular toasts and responses having been finished, the Presiding Officer rose and said: We have with us as a guest, a distinguished soldier, a member of the Wisconsin Commandery, and at one time its commander. I know all present would be delighted to hear from him.

I propose the health of Col. Bean.

Col. I. M. Bean, of Milwaukee, then responded.

His remarks being without notes he has been unable to give them for publication.

The Presiding Officer then announced the

FIRST VOLUNTEER TOAST,      "The Untoasted Armies."

RESPONSE BY

First Lt. Samuel Appleton, U. S. Vols.

MR. COMMANDER AND GENTLEMEN: For once our accomplished toast-master has misused the king's English. He speaks of me as replying to a volunteer toast. I protest this time at being classed among the volunteers, and desire to take my place among the drafted men.

I had supposed the only duty I should have to perform here to-night would be the strictly military one of supplying myself with three days' cooked rations, and after I had eaten and was full, wending my way homeward in a manner as little prejudicial to good order and military discipline as the circumstances of the case would permit. Since my attention has been called to this toast I have attempted to call to mind what army has been neglected to-night. At this late hour I may be excused if my recol-

lection is somewhat hazy. When my friend, Surgeon Hyde, responded for the navy, I remember splicing the main-brace in honor of that gallant but somewhat attenuated body. In imagination I have to-night fought with the Army of the Cumberland from Chicamauga to Nashville, and have cut my way from Atlanta to the sea with my sword and Sherman's, and at times have felt as if I were the entire Army of the Potomac. I have thought of all these, and have concluded that these are older armies, not better, and that the one to which the toast refers is one of younger growth, the Army of Northern Illinois in the campaign of '77.

The Army of Northern Illinois! What a mighty subject! What a galaxy of heroic names gathered from the choicest of this commandery! Ducat, Strong, Swain, Knox, Morgan—time would fail me to mention all. What a campaign! One unending line of victories, from the battle of the viaduct to the capture of Braidwood. I was at that time winning my militia spurs as an aid on the staff of General Ducat. I remember, as if it were but yesterday, the morning the expeditionary corps left Chicago for Braidwood. It was a beautiful July morning. All nature seemed at peace, and it was only in the hearts of wicked men that one could find thoughts of war and bloodshed. For this beautiful idea I am indebted to the unpublished poems of Major Morgan. I remember the conversation that morning between General Ducat, the commander of the expedition, and General Drum, then on our distinguished commander's staff.

"General," says General Drum, "you are about to meet a cruel and sanguinary foe." I am making history here to-night, and I cannot now recall his language without



again experiencing, in a somewhat mitigated form, the chill which then traversed my spinal column. "You are about to meet a cruel and sanguinary foe; be prudent, be vigilant, you have with you the flower of the manhood of Chicago." I looked around me. I saw the sweet and rosy blossoms of the staff. I remembered myself, and I knew Drum was right.

On an occasion like this I cannot recount in full the history of that campaign; how the First, under Swain and Knox, charged; how Morgan, chief of artillery, deployed the two guns of the Joliet battery, as if it were the whole of the artillery reserve of Gettysburgh, and how the commissary department flourished. Would you know more of it; is it not recorded in the archives at Springfield?

It was my pleasing and grateful duty to receive the surrender of the mayor of Braidwood. Our distinguished commander, in his account of the surrender of Lee, tells us that he purchased, with a twenty-dollar gold piece that he carried during the war in his pocket, as handy to have in case of capture, the table on which Lee signed the articles of capitulation. I bought no table at Braidwood. I had no twenty-dollar gold piece in my pocket; I had no thought of needing it. The national guard of Illinois dies, but never surrenders.

Mr. Commander, to one of us it is a matter of pride that with the Army of the Potomac he stayed Lee's victorious march at Gettysburgh, to another that he aided in sending Early hurrying down the valley, to a third that with Thomas he stood like a rock at Chicamauga. Each of us has his particular cause for pride and congratulation. We meet to-night, a band of brothers, on a broad plane of equality. But you may notice a select few, to

whom the rest of the commandery seem to look with an especial reverence. It is not on account of their high rank, for some of them are greeted as captains; it is not on account of their age, for some are of the youngest present. You look around in vain for the cause.

Long may they remain among us, and when in after years we shall be gathered to our fathers, and the young Morgans and Huntingtons and Giles meet here and drink to our memories, it will not be one of the least of their boasts that their fathers were of the Army of Northern Illinois, and the campaign of '77.

After the volunteer toasts had been read and responses delivered, calls were made for

Wt.-Brig.-Gen. A. M. Stout, U. S. Vols.,

who responded :

COMMANDER : This call was not anticipated by me. I knew that regular toasts had been prepared, and certain members appointed to respond to them by a committee, but I did not suppose that any other speeches would be called for, so I am not prepared—am taken by surprise. Instead of a speech I will tell you a little story :

For some months after the close of the late civil war, our old comrade, General John M. Palmer, was in command of the District of Kentucky, with his headquarters at Louisville, and his vigilant and careful administration, and his protection of the good people against guerrillas, and the lawlessness generally prevailing at that time, had endeared him personally to all good citizens. And it became known that another old comrade, now no more, the late General Jeff C. Davis, was about to relieve him of his command. The old soldiers, and many other friends, determined to give him a banquet, and it was done, and General Davis and quite a large number of invited guests were in attendance, and when all had become happy under the influence of the good things of the bountiful board, and toasts and speeches were in order, General Palmer, in response to a general call, told the following story :

I only wish I could tell it as he told it, but I will not attempt to use his language. For some weeks before the

commencement of the great campaign against Atlanta, the Fourteenth Corps lay at Ringgold, Ga., in command of Palmer, and confronted by a portion of the rebel army on the south, and General Davis commanded one of the divisions of that corps. Officers and men had little to occupy or amuse them. The pickets of both armies kept up the usual firing, and the commanding officers of divisions, brigades and regiments acquired the habit of riding up to corps headquarters every day to hear and discuss the news, and General Davis among the rest. He was an old line democrat, "dyed in the wool," and a warm political partisan. Palmer, on the other hand, was a republican equally ardent and aggressive. They naturally fell into the discussion of political questions every day that passed. Davis took the ground that the political doctrines of Palmer would inevitably lead to a consolidated central government—a despotism in which the rights of states and people would be swallowed up and utterly obliterated—that such a government would be intolerable to the people of this country—in fact to any people that had any ideas of liberty.

Palmer on his part argued that Davis' political doctrines would lead to the destruction of all governmental organization, to anarchy, the secession of all the states from each other, and the result would be the ruin and destruction of our great nation.

These discussions waxed warmer each day, and those who witnessed them became nervous and anxious lest these gallant soldiers and true gentlemen should in the heat of debate give, the one to the other, some intolerable insult.

One day when the debate had become high, and both

parties much excited, a staff officer came in to report that the enemy had driven in our pickets on a division or brigade front. Palmer paused just long enough to order that the pickets should be reinforced, and then resumed the discussion, which seemed to wax even warmer for the short interruption.

In quite a short time another report came in that our pickets had been driven in at another point. He stopped just long enough to repeat the former order, and went ahead with his argument, and the debate became dangerously bitter, and finally still another report came in, and the firing on our whole front became so spirited that a general attack seemed to be actually made. Palmer stopped and seemed to reflect a moment, and then extending his right hand in the direction of the enemy, said with great emphasis, "General Davis, your *friends* over there are becoming damned troublesome; take your division and drive them off;" and Palmer added here, "I must say to General Davis' credit that he did the duty assigned him with great promptness."

The toasts and responses having been completed, the Presiding Officer read a number of letters and telegrams of regret, among them the following:

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, January 31, 1883.

HORATIO L. WAIT, Chairman.

*Dear Sir,*—I have duly received the notice you sent me that the Commandery of the Loyal Legion of the United States, for the State of Illinois, has resolved to give a dinner to Lieut.-General Sheridan, in celebration of his fifty-second birthday, on the 6th day of March next.

I regret infinitely that the state of my health will not permit me to return to Chicago by that time. This regret is increased for the reason that the same cause prevented me from being present on a like occasion in March, 1882. If these celebrations are to be kept up, as I trust they may be, and the winter blasts continue to drive me from Chicago, I shall appeal to the Lieut.-General to postpone his birthday for sixty days, in order that I may be present. Such is my admiration for General Sheridan as a soldier, citizen and man, that I don't want to omit any occasion to do him honor.

Only fifty-two years! and how much he has added to the military glory of the country, for he has fought more battles than he can count years, and never once trailed the banner of the Republic in defeat. His reputation as a great captain is not confined to our own country, but is world-wide. When I last met Prince von Bismarck in Berlin in 1877, the first question he asked me was about

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General Sheridan. After speaking of him in terms of the warmest personal friendship, I shall never forget his emphatic expression, "that man has a great military head on his shoulders."

Though I shall be deprived of the pleasure of being present at your celebration, I wish to associate myself with the commandery on the occasion, and to be considered as attending the dinner in heart and spirit.

Wishing all the comrades a successful celebration and a good time generally,

I am very truly yours,

E. B. WASHBURNE.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES,

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 4, 1883.

HORATIO L. WAIT, Chairman Committee M. O. L. L.  
U. S., Chicago.

*My Dear Sir,*—I beg to acknowledge receipt by mail of your very kind invitation for me—to the banquet you give General Sheridan, in Chicago, the evening of the 6th instant.

I assure you that nothing could be more pleasant than to share in such a banquet, but although this is Sunday, Congress is still in session, and will not adjourn till noon to-day; there are some bills still pending which concern the army, and it would be positively wrong for me to be absent for some days.

I regret very much that this banquet should have happened at this busy period, for I would have made unusual sacrifices to have been with you. You probably know that for some days after congress has adjourned, even the members themselves hardly know what has been done; then comes our duty to find out, and to carry into effect what laws have been passed.

I have already telegraphed to Generals Sheridan and Strong to the same effect.

With great respect, your friend,

W. T. SHERMAN.



WAR DEPARTMENT,  
WASHINGTON, January 29, 1883.

*Dear Sir,*—Acknowledging the receipt of your notification of the intention of our commandery to give a dinner to General Sheridan on March 6th, I regret to say that it is not at all probable that I can be present, much as I would like to join in any testimonial of respect and regard to the General.

I am very respectfully yours,

ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

HORATIO L. WAIT, Chairman of Committee.

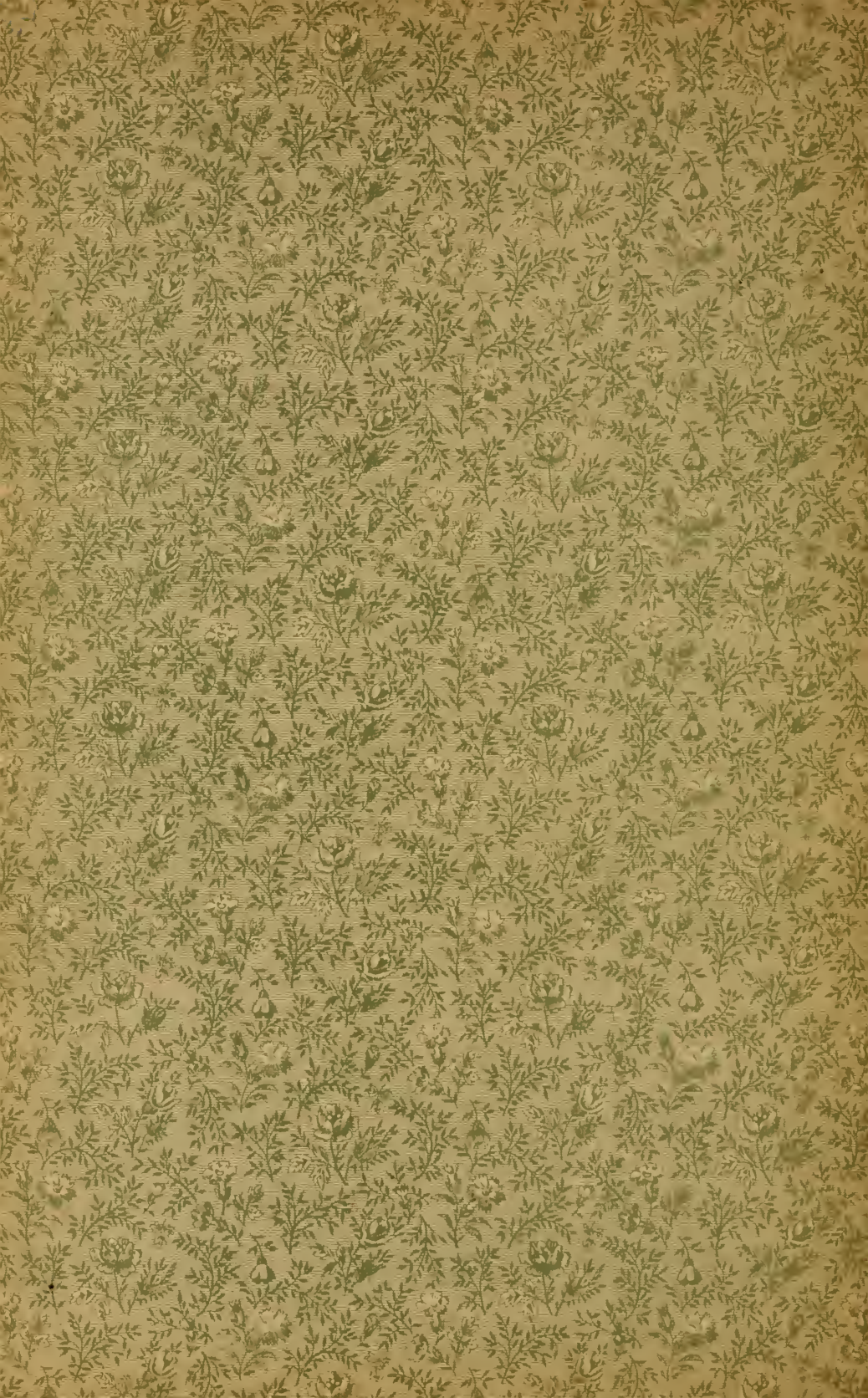
This finished the regular order of the banquet, and the companions and their guests left their seats, and gathering together, joined in the familiar songs of the commandery till the small hours of the morning.



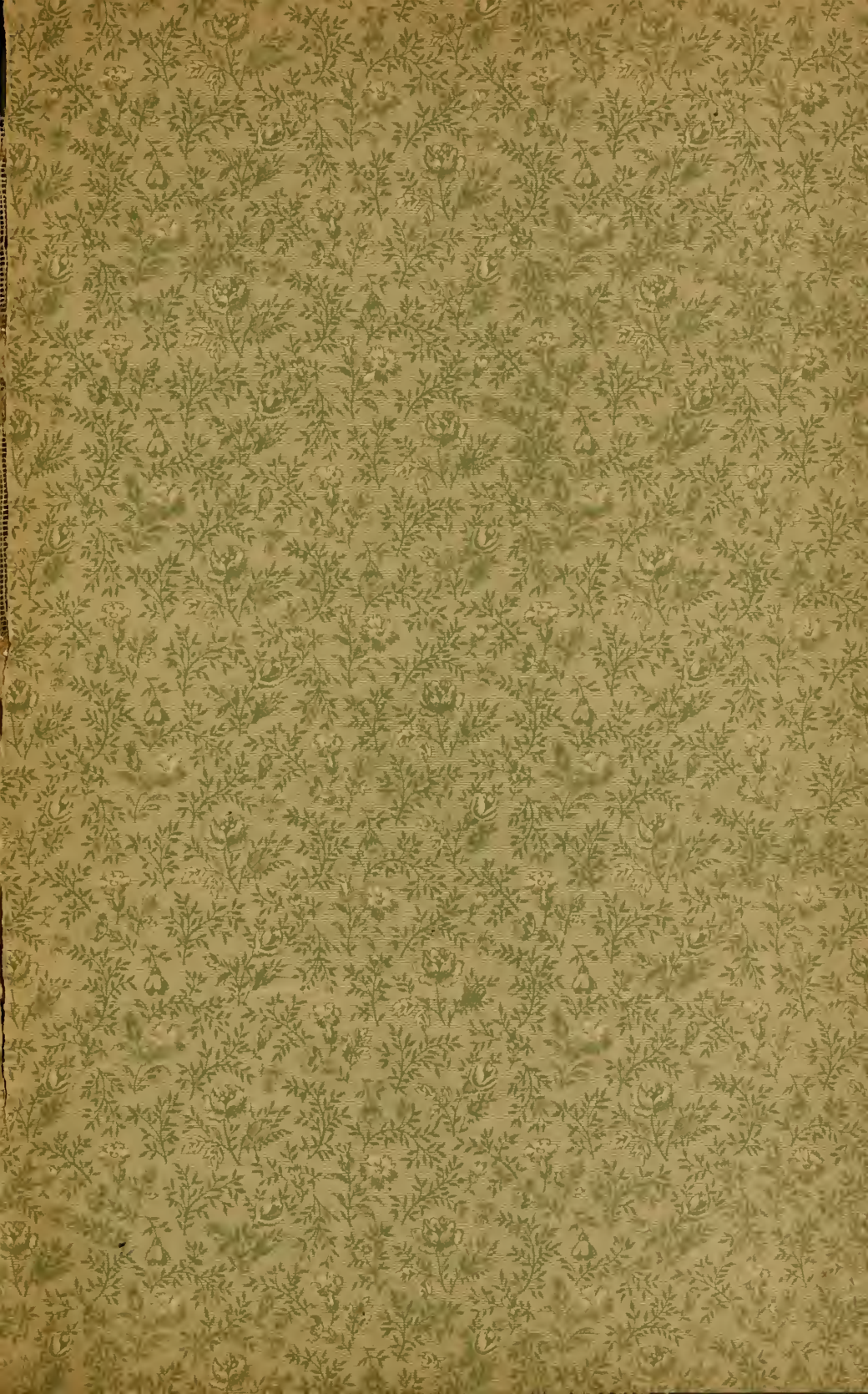




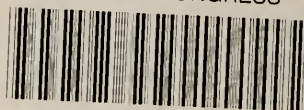








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